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TWO SIXFENCE.

WHOLE SHEETS SIXFENCE.

By Post, 6½D.



### OUR NOTE BOOK. BY JAMES PAYN.

An action at law is not always a lesson in morals, but one took place the other day the result of which one hopes may be so. A certain musical composition was bespoken "on approval," but on failing to give satisfaction was not sent back, and, no care whatever being taken of it, was eventually lost. The gentleman who bespoke it made no apology, but simply said "he received so many manuscripts." The judge very properly described his conduct as inexcusable, and made him pay for it; but, unhappily, such behaviour is very common both in literary and dramatic circles. Editors and theatrical managers do not always reflect that what seems useless to them may not be so to their rejected correspondents, and has cost them a great deal of time and trouble. In the case of newspapers it is impossible to return such contributions, which, moreover, have no value beyond the flying day; but with other periodicals the neglect to do so (when their regulations have been complied with) seems cruel and unmannerly. If they publicly state that they do not return contributions, that is another matter; but otherwise they are bound in courtesy to do so, and if the manuscript has been bespoken "on approval," one is glad to find they are now bound by

A literary organ informs us that for a contribution to a certain weekly newspaper of recent date Mr. Stevenson "has received a larger sum than has ever been paid for 'copy' of a similar length"; and another journal draws the deduction from it that "the gains of a popular novelist must be greater than those of a Parliamentary barrister." This is excellent hearing, only unfortunately a third journal gives the actual price of the story, which is, after all, but at the rate of a pound for a hundred words, or about twopence-halfpenny a word. The princess in the fairy story who used to speak pearls and diamonds would not think much of this "utterance," nor, I fancy, would the Parliamentary barrister. As a matter of fact, Mr. Stevenson's productions are remunerated at a much higher rate, and even then, when we consider the "cost of production "-the expenditure of thought and imagination, and the strain they involve upon mind and body-no one who understands such matters will call his work highly paid.

There is, of course, a certain materialism in paying for works of genius by the word, but it is really much more exact and convenient than the old system of paying by the sheet. Some sheets were considerably longer—that is, contained more matter-than others, which for the author was a distinct disadvantage. Some pages (of a magazine, for example) are what is called "light"—namely, contain but few words, while others are heavy. The payment by the word suits all these cases, and can be applied to them without calculation. It was always customary to pay poets by the line, and Byron (who afterwards had no scruples at writing for money, and learnt to make as good a bargain as anybody) sneered at Scott for receiving "half-acrown a line" for "Marmion." There may have been a "fatal facility" in octosyllabic rhyme, but from a financial point of view it was very satisfactory: if not a "mellow metre more than cent. per cent.," it was a very repaying one.

A very clever and not a bad man, who had made a great Parliamentary reputation, once revealed to me in his old age that he now cared for nothing but comfort, and wished he had recognised its value earlier. He had seen more of "life," as it is called, than most men; had been born, so far as wealth was concerned, "in the purple," and had allied himself with the highest aristocracy, and yet he assured me that he had known very little comfort. Luxurya very different thing--he had been used to, but until the close of his days he had never had the courage to cast off the conventionalities of his position and to enjoy himself in his own way. I remember one who had been asked to meet him at dinner at the club finding him there in morning clothes only a quarter of an hour before that fixed for the entertainment, and saying, "You will, I am afraid, be late for dinner." "No, I shall not," was his reply; "I never dress for a men's party." They were very glad to have him, whether in evening clothes or otherwise, for he was one of those who shone without the aid of polished

His case, however, was very exceptional. Many men, with plenty of opportunities of quiet enjoyment, neglect them, and, preferring swelldom to comfort, round off their laborious days with still more laborious nights. It is impossible that heavy dinner parties and crowded assemblies, where half one's time is passed on the staircase, can-even though royalty itself smiles on one from the landing-be a joy for ever; and yet these men have not the courage to seek the rest which Nature dictates to them, but hug their gilded chain to the last extremity of old age. And if men are so careless of comfort, women are far more so. In the gay world it is they who drag their fathers and husbands to the altar and relentlessly sacrifice them to Society; and in the world that is far from gay the same preference of the shadow to the substance is to be observed on the part of the female. As the hostess of the middle class is much more solicitous about the adornment of her dinner-table than the goodness of her dinner, so her kitchenmaid, as Lady Jeune puts it, "emerges up the area steps so gorgeously appareled that she is almost unrecognisable," though the cost of her finery would put her above the reach of want for weeks. She takes example from her mistress, and puts the exigencies of pretence and show before the modest pleas of comfort.

Miss Edgeworth has a charming story of two young gentlemen to whom a choice of this kind is offered: one of them selects a splendid archery costume, that can only be worn when archery is going on, and the other a serviceable great-coat; and the first archery meeting is on a wet day. But here, at least, the choice was made with their eyes open; whereas the delights of comfort are absolutely unknown to those of whom we speak. Why should not its advantages be pointed out and insisted upon by the philanthropist? We have lectures upon art and music, but not a word is said about comfort, which is infinitely more provocative of happiness than either of them, and is also much more within our reach. To make people moral is difficult; to make them intelligent, unless they have intelligence to start with, is impossible; but to teach them to make themselves comfortable, and how much better it is to be so than to follow the fashion, is a calling of which the educationalist might indeed feel proud.

The cat is an animal to whose affection and sagacity justice has never been done. Its only organ in journalism is the Spectator, which has championed it loyally, and not without some self-sacrifice. The dog is universally admired, but upon much slighter ground, and, indeed, recommends itself to the tyrant man from its cringing nature. It licks the hand that licks it, whereas if you stroke a cat or even rub it the wrong way it will have nothing more to say to you, except "swear words." This is human nature, and far above the canine. It is true that the love of home has always been recognised in cats, but unassociated with any idea of such exertions on its behalf as are made by the watch-dog. At last, however, this unappreciated animal has displayed itself in its true colours. "To a four-storeyed brick building, occupied by eight families, a district messenger boy was returning very late at night. Directly he opened the door the cat sprang at him and began to pull and tear at his trousers with its claws." Had he been an ordinary boy (one of whose abominable idiosyncrasies is a hatred of cats), he would probably have kicked the cat; but as a district messenger his mind had doubtless been expanded. He encouraged the animal rather than otherwise, and "when it ran towards the kitchen door and jumped back again," he thought, though the household had long retired, that "something must be up." He entered the kitchen, when "the cat at once ran behind the stove and began to scratch at the fire-board, from which flames and smoke began to pour out." The house was aroused, but not till after many pails of water had been used was the conflagration extinguished. But for that cat the boy would have gone to his bed and been burnt in it—a fate that would have befallen twoand-thirty other people. It is no wonder, and little to their credit, that this truthful and intelligent creature "is now the hero of the neighbourhood." It was the only living creature that night in the establishment "sitting up," as it were, and looking after things. The cat, it should be remembered, is naturally fond of fire and averse to water, which makes its conduct still more meritorious. A great deal was lately made of "a fireman's dog," which used to accompany engines and escapes; but that may have been from mere love of excitement: he never smelt out a conflagration for himself, as in this case.

Someone has been so good as to send me a new and delightful treatise upon etiquette, under the impression, I fear, that I have too much neglected that "arch of refinement," which, says the preface, "whosoever disregards as a matter of no importance, whatever his circumstances, whatever his talents or abilities, though he may be tolerated, can never be favourably received in good society." After perusal of the work I am compelled to acknowledge that a great deal it inculcates is new to me. I was unaware even that in writing a letter of introduction, "if the notepaper is not of a fashionable size and of the very best quality, we put a slight upon both parties concerned." On the other hand, I do know some things about behaviour, and do not require to be told that "to address a lady on the opposite side of the street" is never done in the best circles. Of course, the editor of these "principles of true politeness" must be right, but some of his rules seem a little strange. "Be not over-assiduous to the lady you sit next to at dinner, nor ask her to take wine with her fish or soup" (it is added, "This only applies when the servants do not hand round the wine"). Again, "When the cloth is removed let champagne be the first wine introduced"; and "It is not considered etiquette to eat an egg with a silver spoon unless the bowl of the spoon be gilt." Moreover, when answering an invitation to a feast, I was unaware that it was usual to "return your host and hostess's compliments."

It is "The Polite Letter - Writer," however, that forms the second half of the volume, from which

most enjoyment is to be derived. Models of letters are there given to be written in every relation of life, under every possible circumstance, and always with supreme regard to politeness. The girl at her first school "thanks her dear mamma exceedingly for sending her to this beautiful part of the country. I have not lost one day's lessons since I have been here; I know almost enough of French already, as it is not an agreeable language to me, on account of its nasal sounds, when spoken by genuine Frenchmen." When engaged to be married, she writes to a young friend to say so: "Sometimes I almost wish I had never consented; but then Harry argued that such things do happen and really must; so I responded 'Yes,' and he was pleased absurdly to construe this into consent." Some of the letters are necessarily of a more painful character. A sister writes to a brother: "The painful though necessary duty has devolved on me of announcing the death of your dear father, who departed this life exactly at eight o'clock this morning, having lived till one hundred years of age." The correspondent herself must, one conjectures, have practised etiquette for some time. The finest plum in this social cake is, however, an epistle "To an opulent aunt respecting the death of an erring father." The daughter begs that that lady "will generously permit a shade of oblivion to pass over the recollection of past errors, and forgive in the grave that misconduct which might not be tolerated in life." Whereto the opulent aunt, with an acuteness equal to her wealth, replies in the politest terms, suggesting a pious resignation, and expressing a hope that "your circumstances are easy."

The reason why the ring is placed upon the fourth finger of the blushing bride is said to be because a small artery in that digit connects it with the heart. When she is married with a curtain ring, as sometimes happens when the bridegroom is forgetful, or his assets do not run to a golden circlet, the principle is maintained, though the practice is inconvenient; but the being married with a door-key is objectionable on both grounds. A young Irish bride was thus united the other day to her swain, who, with the carelessness of his nation, had mislaid the more usual article. The minister who performed the ceremony was in despair, because he foresaw that the church-door key, which seemed the only alternative, would encircle her whole hand; but the parish clerk remembered the vestry-door key, which, accordingly, was hung on her finger as on a doornail. There might have been a certain precedent, savouring of woman's rights, if a latchkey had been employed, and the bridegroom very judiciously kept that in his pocket.

A lady novelist has recently assured us, "from information received" on good authority, that "there is no death." 'Appearances," except spiritual ones, are against this statement, but it is disagreeable to contradict a lady. A well-known journalist is prepared to stake his high reputation, and, indeed, has done it, upon the truth of communications received in writing from departed spirits; and now a clergyman of the Church of England has answered the question "Do the dead return?" to his own complete satisfaction, in the affirmative. Although at first sceptical about such manifestations, he has been compelled, he tells us, by testimony that it would be "childish to waste time" in discrediting, to believe in them. He has received messages from the dead by rappings, by writing (facsimiles of which he reproduces in his book), and the spoken voice. Once, indeed, "for nearly two hours a deeply interesting communication respecting the present and future life was thus carried on, until the power failed and the voices, with parting greetings, died away." Before doing so, it seems a great pity that their communications were of such a private and confidential character that he is not at liberty to disclose them: we conclude, at least, that some such seal of secrecy was imposed upon him, since to the public ear he has nothing to tell worth hearing. So long as this continues to happen with such communications, the public ear will be deaf to them, and the public eye (the left one) will wink significantly. What seems very curious is that the living parties to these conversations become as dull as the dead ones; it never seems to occur to them to put the simple questions which we all long to have answered, and the reply to which would set at rest the doubts that have beset the world since its creation; there is only a flood of rant and verbiage on both sides, out of which nothing can be gathered worth the picking up. Sometimes the statements of the spirits are so wild, and, at the same time, so puerile, as to suggest the suspicion that the locality from which they come is not protected by a Maine Liquor law, which our divine explains by the assertion that "the other world, like our own, has in it the frivolous and unworthy." Is is not only, then, upon this planet that the inhabitants may be described as "mostly fools," and, indeed, they seem to grow them elsewhere very much bigger. Another noteworthy circumstance is that the handwriting of the human race appears to deteriorate as soon as they become spirits: on one occasion only does our divine find the mystic message "Thank you" written "in clear and legible characters." These spiritual scribes seem to be aware of their weakness in this respect, for, when asked to write instead of rapping, they modestly reply, "We will try." And a precious mess they make of it!

#### OUR INTERESTING NOMADS.-II.

The Romanys are rapidly becoming extinct, and are already almost as scarce as hares; and I am not very sure that there ever was much to be said about them that was worth the trouble of finding out. But the tramps are a very different order of creatures. Of course, I was a very naughty little boy to slink into the gypsy's tent, where I had no business to be, but I suppose the temptation in that had no business to be, but I suppose the temptation in that case was that there was a strange language to learn. However, I think I soon tired of the society. Gypsies have a very small vocabulary, and really are a very uninteresting people. Borrow's books had, and always will have, a charm for their readers, but his matchwill have, a charm for their readers, but his match-less style and his unique personality made the books attractive. When all is said that can be said, it will turn out, I suspect, that the Romanys are human beings in a condition of arrested development, deficient in several lobes of the brain, creatures with mere instincts serving them instead of reason. They are survivals of a nomad race, who from early times have had a hatred of settling any-where, and from the first rejected civilisation as a delugion where, and from the first rejected civilisation as a delusion and a snare.

and a snare.

But your tramp is an altogether different being. In him we see an example of what the scientists call reversion. Your tramp is a fallen angel. Whether he is an angel in posse is another question, which I leave for my betters to answer. I am, myself, rather inclined to think my friend

Mr. Cadaverous was sadly-alas! too sadly-near the truth when, in his grim way, he declared that "they belonged to the damned classes." He emphasised the adjective that I might clearly understand he was not reflecting upon "the classes." Classes there must be, that was his position; some were blessed, some were not.

That was all.
Charles Dickens's best book by far his masterpiece—is "The Commercial Traveller." In that book there is a chapter concerned with tramps; but it was written a long, long time ago. Since those days the tramps have very seriously gone down in number and quality. They no longer swing along the roads in jovial gangs, whistling and rollicking. They slink now. Rarely in Arcady do we see more than two of them together and Rarely in Arcady do we see more than two of them together, and they are silent, subdued, melancholy, and cowed. I cannot doubt that they lead a dreadfully squalid and hunted life. The country police have very nearly scotched them. Twenty years ago or so they had two places of resort at Croton. Then they picked up quite a handsome income on some roads. a handsome income on some roads of East Anglia. They had their circuits from town to town, and at the Jolly Beggars at Croton, I am told, they used to have high games in a big outhouse behind the caravanserai, and they slept by scores in some ramshackle cottages that were thereunto attached. They brought their spoils in the shape of bags of broken victuals to mine host, and they received in return drink ad valorem. They supped in common, and they sang and told their experiences. That was in the jolly days when there was none of that tyrannical legislation which enforced early closing. When the jovial company broke up, their money all spent, they tumbled into the hovels where their beds were the hovels where their beds were, and as one bed among three was and as one bed among three was
the usual allowance, they slept
warm and stuffy, you may be sure.
Faugh! What slumber! But the
strange fact is that they slept on
feather beds! Yes; feather beds!

I know my readers will think

I know my readers will think
I am romancing—they always do
when I confine myself to strict truth, plain and unadorned. And this is a fact. Once a week at least do
I read a certain board at the entrance of Croton, on which
is painted in plain letters for the tramps to read:
"Lodging for Travellers at the Blue Cow. All Feather
Beds!" You may read it yourself if you like; though I
will not aver that the Blue Cow is spelt quite rightly.
We in Norfolk have quite a passion for feather beds.
Again and again have I heard our young girls who have
been tempted into taking places in London complain
moddly that they hadn't much fault to find except that they
couldn't sleep on the hard beds that were provided for them. couldn't sleep on the hard beds that were provided for them. "I've got used to it now, Sir," said one cheery damsel to me, "but I do love to get home for a holiday sometimes. It's such soft lying at mother's!

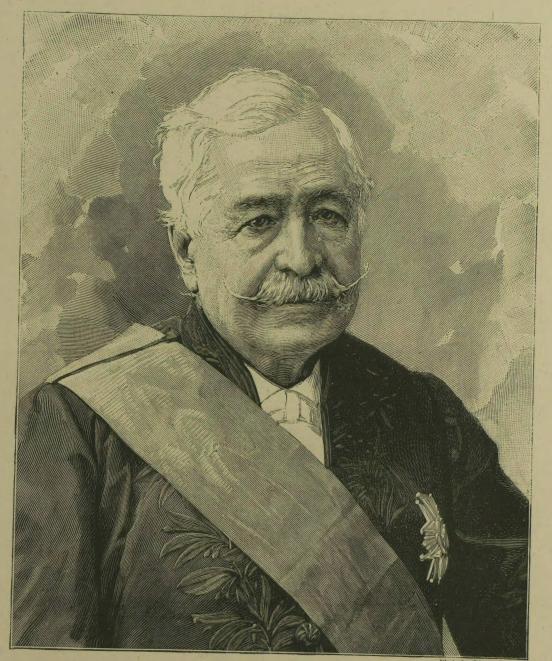
I really cannot explain how there should be this hankering for a bag of soft and fragrant feathers—here in Norfolk. I suppose there is something in the physical geography of the country which may account for it. But there it is, and the tramps have still the benefit of the ancient custom, and repose upon feather beds. But at the Jolly Beggars at Croton they tell me that the tramps did by no means sup off their accumulation of broken victuals. These were collected and thrown into huge swill-tubs, and quite a herd of swine, they tell me, were fed upon the bread and bones that were emptied from the travellers' wallets. In those days, too, the tramps, as I have said, picked up quite a surprising amount of the copper coinage of the realm in their daily walks, and they begged unblushingly of rich and poor. All this has passed away. Now they are driven to sad shifts, and if it were not that there seems to be a great law by which it comes to pass that the lower we sink in the scale of intelligence and self-respect

the duller do our sensibilities become, the less we feel or care or grieve or are tortured by shame, and the less susceptible, or grieve or are tortured by shame, and the less susceptible, in fact, do we become to actual physical pain in the shape of cold or heat or hunger. If it were not for this, I say, I should believe that the actual sufferings of the tramps from hunger and nakedness and other horrors which I cannot bear to dwell upon must be dreadful indeed. As it is, I am persuaded that these "fallen angels" do in some mysterious and to most of we invertible ble server. do, in some mysterious and to most of us inexplicable way, find life worth living. Their recklessness, their very hopelessness, is their covering and their chain-armour—chainarmour indeed, which clings to them and is never put off. Of course they play their game, such as it is; but what a game! If you want to fathom the depths of that hideous degradation, you must try and think what it would be to you and me if we were *plunged* into that abysmal slough of despond—plunged without sinking into its dark depths, and found ourselves suddenly there.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

#### M. DE LESSEPS AND THE PANAMA CANAL.

The trial of Vicomte Ferdinand de Lesseps, the aged and illustrious constructor of the Suez Canal, his son M. Charles de Lesseps, M. Marius Fontane, the historian, and



M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

Baron Henri Cottu, directors of the Panama Canal, and M. Eiffel, the eminent engineer and contractor, before the M. Eiffel, the eminent engineer and contractor, before the Court of Appeal at the Palais de Justice in Paris, terminated on Thursday, Feb. 9, in the conviction of all the five defendants, and in sentences of fine and imprisonment. Public opinion seems not to dispute the correctness of the judgment, but there is a feeling of deep regret that it should have been incurred by men of such eminent position, and of pity for the sad fall of so great a character as M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, who is eighty-seven years of age, and whose fame, as the successful projector and manager of one of the grandest and most heneficent works. manager of one of the grandest and most beneficent works of modern skill, has been justly esteemed the pride of the French nation. He is, perhaps happily for him, in a state of senile imbecility which has made it impossible to require his personal appearance before the judges, and it is said that he has not even been made aware of the criminal prosecution; he has not actually been committed to prison.

The judgment of the Court, read by President Périvier, contains the following painful statements: that the four directors above named, who in the year 1888 controlled the administration of the company, were guilty of swindling: they constituted a syndicate, entrusted to the management of the late Baron Jacques de Reinach, to support the finances of the company, maintaining the false assertions which they had made about the cost of the canal and the duration of the work; those assertions, in the reality of which they could not themselves believe, were affirmed by newspapers in their pay; and M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, in spite of his advanced age and his state of health, went about France, with his son, and delivered addresses repeating the false declarations that the work, as a lock canal,

would be finished in July 1890, with the 600 million francs available from the issue of loans. These acts were done in bad faith and with a fraudulent intention. It was a fictitious syndicate, which ran no risk of loss: the financier Reinach, for his part, received 3,390,000f., besides 2,590,000f. to be spent by him for costs of "publicity." Out of 31,000,000 f., destined to advertise the undertaking, 11,000,000f. were appropriated by the members of the syndicate. These were acts of embezzlement. The defendants, not content with the loans, which raised the capital to 1300 millions of france and appropriate in December 1888 to syndicate, which ran no risk of loss: the financier Reinach, to 1300 millions of francs, endeavoured in December 1888 to to 1300 millions of francs, endeavoured in December 1888 to issue lottery bonds, and organised unions of shareholders and bondholders to maintain the deception. With regard to M. Eiffel, the crime of swindling was not proved against him; but, as the mandatory of the company, he was guilty of abuse of confidence, for he expended in the purchase of materials for the locks only a small portion of the money he had received for them, and led M. Brunet, the liquidator, to believe that he had fulfilled his engagements.

The sentence passed on M. Ferdinand and M. Charles de Lesseps is the maximum legal penalty—five years' imprisonment and a fine of 3000f. to be paid by each; M. Marius Fontane and M. Henri Cottu are condemned each to two years' imprisonment and a fine of 3000f.; and M. Eiffel to two years' imprisonment, with a fine of 20,000f. Most of the journalists commenting on this sentence regarded it

as excessively severe in the case of M. Ferdinand de
Lesseps, who had been condemned
in his absence, and during his inability to instruct counsel for his
defence, to explain the motives of
his conduct or to plead that he was his conduct, or to plead that he was himself deceived and deluded. He himself deceived and deluded. He remains at his own country house, at Chesnay, in the Department of the Indre, with his wife and younger children. His eldest son, M. Charles de Lesseps, a prisoner in the Conciergerie of Paris, has been permitted to go, with a guard of two policemen, to see the old man, who has frequent fits of entire stupor.

entire stupor.
Ferdinand de Lesseps, born Nov. 19, 1805, the son of a diplomatic servant of the Empire under Napoleon I., was appointed, in 1828, Attaché to the French Consulate at Lisbon, and became Consul at Barcelona in 1842. He had, with his father, in Egypt, gained some knowledge of the schemes of Mohammed Ali for the aggrandisement of that province of the Turkish Empire.

Among these was the project of the Suez Canal always forward the Suez Canal, always favoured by France. In 1854, Ferdinand de Lesseps proposed that undertaking to Said Pasha. By the influence of Napoleon III. a firman sanctioning the enterprise was obtained from the Sultan at Constanting and in Language 1856. stantinople; and in January 1856 the Viceroy of Egypt granted the concession to the Suez Canal Company, taking also for himself a large number of shares. The works, commenced in 1859, were to a great extent carried on by forced native labour, and the Egyptian Government aided them by vast expenditure, to which the beginning of its financial diffi-culties may justly be ascribed. On the death of Said Pasha in 1863, political questions were raised concerning the validity of the Sultan's firman. It was ultimately decided to revoke any permission granted to the company to hold a portion of Egyptian territory. The canal works still proceeded slowly, but surely; powerful dredgers and machines for

ful dredgers and machines for removing the sand were introduced; in August 1869 the with those of the Mediterranean; and on Nov. 17 of that year the canal was formally opened. M. de Lesseps was created a Vicomte, received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and obtained many other honours, including that of Grand Commander of the Star of India from our Queen. The Panama Canal scheme, which he was persuaded to take up about twelve years ago, was based on engineering surveys and reports made by supposed experts to more than one International Congress.

#### ROYAL HOME-COMING AT BUCHAREST.

Our last week's issue contained sketches, to which we now add, of the festivities and ceremonies at Bucharest, on Feb. 4, on the arrival home of the Crown Prince Ferdinand of Roumania with his newly married wife, Princess Marie of Edinburgh. Their Royal Highnesses came by railway from Vienna. At the Bucharest railway station they were met by the King of Roumania with his Ministers and some members of his Court, and by the diplomatic representative of England; also by the Mayor of Bucharest, who presented, in accordance with the homely national custom on the first "home-coming" of a husband and wife, the friendly offering of bread and salt. His Majesty and the Prince and Princess went in procession to the Metropolitan Prince and Princess went in procession to the Metropolitan Church or Cathedral, where the Archbishops of Moldavia and Wallachia, and other high clergy received them, and performed a religious service, with the chanting of the "Te Deum." The legal act of signing the civil contract and certificate of marriage was witnessed by the King, the Ministers of State, and the ecclesiastical prelates. The city of Bucharest was much enlivened by the festive entertainments given on this occasion.



THE ROYAL HOME-COMING AT BUCHAREST: THE MAYOR OFFERING BREAD AND SALT AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. SCHÖNBERG.



THE ROYAL HOME-COMING AT BUCHAKEST: CEREMONY IN THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. SCHÖNBERG.

poet.

#### PERSONAL.

An excellent soldier, Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Baker, holding these two or three years past the office of Quarter-



THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR THOMAS BAKER.

m a s t e r-General, died at Pau, on Feb. 9, at the age of fiftyfive. He was Devonshire clergyman, entered the Army in 1854, showed his gallantry at the siege of Sebastopol, served in the Indian Sepoy War, had a post on the staff in New Zealand, and was pro-moted for his conduct there, accom-

panied Sir Garnet Wolseley in 1873, as Chief of the Staff, through the Ashantee War, and was very highly praised; he was again promoted, with the honours of a C.B.; in the Afghan War he commanded the 2nd Infantry Brigade at Cabul, accompanied Sir Frederick Roberts to Candahar, and won higher honours as K.C.B.; he was afterwards in the Transvaal campaign, also in the Burmese expedition, and had, from 1887 to 1890, command of a division of the Bengal Army. Few officers combined such gallantry in the field with such diligence and zeal in administrative work.

The Right Rev. George Howard Wilkinson, D.D., who has just been elected Bishop of St. Andrews, in succession to the late Bishop Charles Wordsworth, was at one time probably the most popular clergyman in the whole of London. As Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, he swayed an influence over some of the highest personages in the land. His appointment by Mr. Gladstone to the bishopric of Truro in 1882 was received with enthusiasm, but those who knew him best, and who watched with some anxiety the whole-hearted zeal and energy with which he threw himself into the duties of the see, were not without grave fears as to the result. He was never of a robust constitution, and in a few years his health gave way under the strain. He took various periods of rest and change, in the hope of restoring his strength, but at last he found himself unequal to the strain of the diocese, and he resigned office—not, however, before he had seen the cathedral built and consecrated. This was in 1891, but he has not been idle in the meantime. He is a man of profound spiritual gifts, and both by tongue and pen he has sought to deepen the religious life of the Church. No one who has ever been present at one of his "Quiet Days" will ever forget the intense earnestness and spiritual fervour that characterise his addresses, while his books of devotion breathe throughout a spirit of deep piety. His health is now almost completely restored, and it is hoped that he may be able for many years to guide and direct the destinies of the little church over which he has been called to preside. The duties of the see of St. Andrews are light, and will not prevent him from continuing to render—at least by his pen—valuable services to the Church at large.

The death of Colonel Thomas William Fletcher, which recently occurred at his residence, Lawneswood House, Stourbridge, in his eighty-fifth year, removes a well-known antiquary. He was a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for the counties of Stafford and Worcester, a Fellow of the Royal, Geological, and Antiquarian Societies, a barristerat-law of the Inner Temple, and M.A. of Dublin and Oxford Universities. On account of his researches fifty years ago into the composition and fossils of the Dudley coalfield he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. The deceased was formerly Colonel of the King's Own First Staffordshire Militia, and he served as Earl Marshal's Gold Staff Officer at the coronation of Queen Victoria and the funeral of the late Duke of Wellington.

The death of Mr. Louis J. Jennings, the member for Stockport, removes from politics a man of whom at one



THE LATE MR. LOUIS J. JENNINGS, M.P.

career very considerable eminence was expected. Mr. Jennings came from the United States, where he had edited Times, and in the course of his duties had begun and ended a campaign against political corruption - as praiseworthy an event as anything in the annals of journalism.

period of his

The overthrow of "Boss" Tweed and his gang remained, however, the one great achievement of Mr. Jennings. Here he attained only a moderate success. He became a member of the Conservative party, and represented Stockport for many years, always on lines of great independence from the ordinary party machine. He wrote a great deal, edited

the "Croker Papers," and produced an unfavourable but searching and suggestive criticism of what Mr. Jennings held to be Mr. Gladstone's political and financial inconsistencies. He also did much journalistic work, which was always clever, often a little cynical, and touched with a very despondent view of life—the characteristics, perhaps, of a man who does not repeat an early success.

At times Mr. Jennings almost became a power in the House of Commons, and he was great in the Lobby, where his shrewd and detached criticism of party life and his dislike of extreme views made him a favourite. He spoke lucidly, though, perhaps, in a manner which was a trifle dull, for there was not the making of an orator in this quiet, retiring, but keen-faced politician. The most notable episode of his later years was his association with Lord Randolph Churchill's fortunes. Mr. Jennings became the friend and, in a way, the henchman of Lord Randolph after he had left the Government, and when he seemed to be striking out a career on very independent lines. But Mr. Jennings's nerve did not carry him along the rather wild course of Lord Randolph Churchill's outbreak from official thraldom. At a critical moment he hesitated, and, as some people thought, deserted his leader. This was not the exact truth—it was that Mr. Jennings's cautious temperament did not exactly match with Lord Randolph's fiery irresponsibility. From that period little was heard of him. His health failed, his attempt to rescue the failing fortunes of the London edition of the New York Herald did not succeed, and he dropped out of notice. He had some differences with the Stockport Conservatives, in which he usually carried the day, and his seat was regarded as a safe one. Personally, he was a very amiable and interesting man, of kindly and humane character, with a keen insight into affairs.

On the retirement of Sir Algernon West, K.C.B., from the chairmanship of the Board of Inland Revenue, the present and past members of the service at Somerset House subscribed for a testimonial of their regard for him. His portrait, by Professor Herkomer, R.A., was presented to Lady West on Wednesday, Feb. 8, at the headquarters of the Civil Service Rifle Volunteers. Sir W. Melvill, chairman of the committee for the testimonial, performed the act of presentation. It was suitably acknowledged by Sir Algernon West. Among the company were his successor, Mr. A. Milner, Sir Reginald Welby, Sir R. Nix, and other distinguished members of the Civil Service.

At a poll for the election of an Esquire Bedell in the University of Cambridge, recently held, Mr. Wilfred A.



MR. W. A. GILL.

Magdalene College, Cambridge, was elected in place of the late Mr. F. C. Wace, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, and recently Mayor of Cambridge. The contest a very close one, and there considerable excitement during the last hours of polling. The electors

Fellow

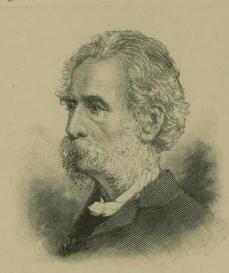
consisted of all members of the University whose names were on the boards of the University, both resident and non-resident, and a large number of the latter came up to record their votes. The result was—Mr. Gill, 317; Mr. Geldard, of Trinity College, 305: majority, 12. Mr. Gill graduated in the Classical Tripos of 1879, being bracketed fifth in the First Class. He was, in the same year, elected to a Fellowship, and until 1885 he was Classical Lecturer of King's College, London. On his relinquishing that post he returned into residence and was appointed a lecturer at Magdalene College. He was one of the examiners for the Classical Tripos for three consecutive years—1890, 1891, 1892—and is a member of the Special Board for Classics, and secretary of the Cambridge Philological Society. His lectures on ethics to ladies in the King's College Department for Women (13, Kensington Square) have been largely attended during the last five years. There are two Esquire Bedells in the University of Cambridge, the other being Mr. A. P. Humphry, M.A., of Trinity College. Their duties chiefly consist in attending the Chancellor, or, in his absence, the Vice-Chancellor, upon "all public occasions and solemnities." The office has been always considered to be of dignity and importance in Cambridge.

Mr. Gladstone had four lady listeners, when he introduced the Home Rule Bill, in a very strange portion of the House of Commons. They sat, by special favour, in the vault directly under the floor of the House, and within a foot or so of the mace. There is a grating communicating through the floor, and by means of this every accent of Mr. Gladstone's speech was heard. Not only were his words audible, but also the whispered suggestions from his colleagues on the Treasury bench. Sight was for the most part barred, but the four ladies—all of whom are well-known Liberals—had a better hearing of the oration than almost any member of the great assemblage.

By-the-way, the crowded Peers' Gallery testified to a scrimmage almost as formidable as that of the members of the Lower House, which nearly involved the death of Mr. Caleb Wright, one of the oldest members of Parliament. The Lords made a tremendous rush up the narrow staircase which leads to their gallery, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Battersea arriving first and second respectively. Two very distinguished Peers, however, were completely beaten, and neither secured seats in the gallery. The first of these

gentlemen was the Duke of Fife, and the second was the Duke of Devonshire. The latter must have deeply regretted the fact that he was no longer entitled to a seat on the floor of the House.

If the little wild birds of the country, so dear to every gentle heart, so often mentioned in English and Scottish song by almost every



THE LATE REV. F. O. MORRIS.

interesting to naturalists, could know the worth of their human friends, they would gather the earliest leaves and flowers of spring, as soon as they can spare time after St. Valentine's Day, to deck the modest good clergyman, who constantly pleaded

against the wanton destruction of the feathered race. The Rev. Francis Orpen Morris, Rector of Nunburnholme—in the East Riding of Yorkshire, near Londesborough, where King Edwin of Northumbria learnt a religious lesson from the sparrow flitting to his hearth for refuge from the wintry storm—died a few days ago; now we shall miss his occasional short letters in the Times. He was nearly eighty-three years of age, son of an Admiral Morris who once lived at Beverley; was educated at Worcester College, Oxford, and, after being private chaplain to the Duke of Cleveland, settled at the Nunburnholme Rectory in 1854. As the author of a "History of British Birds," of a special treatise on birds' nests and eggs, also of histories of moths and butterflies, an essay on the faculties of dogs, and some comments on the Darwinian theory, Mr. Morris contributed usefully to zoological science. He wrote also "Plain Sermons for Plain People," and was a faithful pastor to the understanding, unfeathered bipeds of his rural congregation, likewise a good justice of the peace and friend of the farmers and the labourers, as well as of the birds.

Mr. Justice Stirling, who has given the coup de grâce to that modern monster of Mr. Pearson's creation, the "Missing Word Competition," already sorely wounded by Sir John Bridge at Bow Street, is, as his name denotes, a Scotchman, and one of those who, as a humourist has observed, found the best thing in Scotland was the road to England, and took it. Sir James was born in Aberdeen fifty-six years ago, and is the son of a clergyman. His first introduction to the legal profession was as a law reporter, in which capacity he worked for the Incorporated Council of Law Reporting. When he was twenty-five, however, he was called to the Bar: his energy, his talent, and determination—qualities legible in his clean-cut features, determined mouth, and broad, capable forehead—soon asserted themselves; he became "Attorney's Devil," and, without attaining the usual intermediate honour of "silk," leaped straight to the Bench from the Junior Bar, nearly seven years ago.

The Meteorological Observatory at Kew has lost its accomplished and diligent scientific superintendent,
Mr. George



THE LATE MR. G. M. WHIPPLE.

Mathews Whipple, who died on Feb. 8, aged only fifty, having served in that institution since 1858 and having been at its head since 1876. He was a high autho-rity on terrestrial magnetism, and contributed valuable reports on that subject to the Royal Society.

Several useful improvements, both of magnetic and of optical instruments, were invented by Mr. Whipple; he also, in 1866, obtained most of the first series of sun-spot measurements, and investigated the problems of solar physics; but his special study was that of wind forces and wind velocities, with a view to the best means of ascertaining and registering them, evidently a matter of great practical importance. We can but hope that this task will be prosecuted with equal zeal by some other competent meteorologist, and that the published predictions of wind and weather, in the changeable climate of the British Isles and seas, will some day help us to prevent many great disasters and petty miseries which trouble our ordinary life.

#### OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Maull and Fox, Piccadilly, W., for our portraits of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Baker and the late Mr. Louis J. Jennings, M.P.; to Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W., for those of Sir Arthur Hayter, M.P., and Lord Cranborne, M.P.; to Messrs. Gunn and Stuart, of Eichmond, for that of the late Mr. G. M. Whipple; to Mr. Rosemont, of Leeds, for that of Mr. H. J. Reckitt, M.P.; to Mr. Gregson, of Halifax, for that of Mr. W. R. Shaw, M.P.; to Mr. R. Lord, of Cambridge, for that of Mr. W. A. Gill; and to Messrs. W. T. and F. Gowland, of York, for that of the late Rev. F. O. Morris.

#### HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Beatrice, arranged to leave Osborne House, Isle of Wight, on Friday, Feb. 17, for Windsor Castle. The Prince of Wales and his son, the Duke of York, were at Osborne visiting the Queen on the preceding Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. The Empress Frederick of Germany and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were among the royal party.

The Queen's journey to Italy is fixed for March 15; she will cross the Channel to Cherbourg, travel thence by special train to Modane and through the Mont Cenis tunnel, rest at Susa, Alessandria, and Spezia, and reach Florence on March 17

to stay at the Villa Palmieri.

The Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria and Princess Maud of Wales, leaves England on Feb. 22, traveling to Marseilles, where their Royal Highnesses embark in the Queen's yacht Osborne for a cruise of four months in the Eastern Mediterranean, including a visit to the King and Queen of Greece at Athons and Queen of Greece at Athens.

The Duchess of Albany, with her children, returned to England on Monday, Feb. 13, from visiting her sister, the Queen Regent of the Netherlands, at the Hague.

The Duke of Cambridge, on Feb. 9, as Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief, inspected the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, received the report of the Governor, Lieutenant General W. Stirling, and presented prizes to the gentlemen cadets for good conduct and

The Convocation of the bishops and clergy of the Province of Canterbury, which assembled on Feb. 8,

adopted a strong address to the Crown deprecating the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, describing it as "an assault on the integrity of this province" (Canterbury), and an attempt "to severtherefrom four ancient bishoprics, while from the earliest part of our history have been part of this Church of England." The address further deprecates "any interference with the endowments provided for a Christian ministry in the sister kingdom of Scotland, and guaranteed by the Act of Union with this country."

The uncontested election for Rochester, on Feb. 8, returned And the uncontested election for Rochester, on Feb. 5, returned Lord Cranborne, the eldest son of the Marquis of Salisbury, and formerly M.P. for the Darwen Division of Lancashire, as Conservative member for the Kentish borough. On the same day, also without a contest, Mr. Michael Davitt, the well-known Irish Land Leaguer, an Anti-Parnellite Nationalist, was elected for the North-East County Cork Nationalist, was elected for the North-East County Cork Division, a seat which had been vacated by Mr. W. O'Brien preferring Cork City. The Walsall election polling resulted, next day, Feb. 9, in the return of Sir Arthur Hayter, the Gladstonian candidate, by 5235 votes, against the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie (Conservative), who polled 5156 votes; and the Halifax election, on that day, returned Mr. W. R. Shaw (Gladstonian), who obtained 4617, while 4249 were given to Mr. Alfred Arnold (Conservative), and 3028 to Mr. John Lister, the Labour candidate. For Burnley, on Feb. 6, the Hon. Philip James Stanhope, youngest son of the late Earl Stanhope, formerly in the Navy, and for six years M.P. for Wednesbury, was elected by 6199 votes, against 5506 for Mr. W. Lindsay. The Pontefract election resulted, on Monday, Feb. 13, in another Gladstonian vic-

Feb. 13, in another Gladstonian victory; Mr. Harold Reckitt, a young barrister, got 1228 votes, against 1165 for his opponent, Mr. Shaw. The Cirencester election having been pronounced void by the judges, parties contest that seat; also the Horsham Division of Sussex, Hexham, Gatesheed, and Steckneyt. head, and Stockport.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the North Wales Liberal Federation, at Chester on Feb. 11, a resolution was agreed to expressing dissatisfaction that the Government did not propose to introduce in the present Session a Bill for the dises-tablishment and disendowment of the Church in Wales. The resolution claimed for Wales the second place for the Suspensory Bill this Session and the first place for a Disestablish-

ment Bill next Session. The Liberal Unionist Club, on Tuesday, Feb. 14, gave a dinner to Lord Wolmer, M.P., on his retirement

from the post of senior Whip to that party. The Duke of Devonshire, presiding, Sir Henry James, and other members spoke with much confidence of the failure of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Home Rule Bill. The annual meeting of the council of the Liberal Unionist Association was held on the same day.

The Hunterian oration, at the Royal College of Surgeons, was delivered by Mr. Thomas Bryant, on Tuesday, Feb. 15; the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were present on this occasion, which was the centenary of John Hunter's

The Allan Line steam-ship Pomeranian, from Greenock to New York, on Feb. 4, in the middle of the Atlantic, was struck by a tremendous sea, which carried away the was struck by a tremendous sea, which carried away the saloon on the foredeck, the bridge, and the chart-house, with four passengers, the second and fourth mates, two assistant stewards, and one or two seamen, who were drowned; while the commander, Captain W. Dalziel, and Mr. John Stuart, a cabin passenger, were so injured by being dashed against something on deck as to cause their deaths. Among the twelve lives lost were those of Mr. and Mrs. James Gibson, of Cousland, Dalkeith, and Miss Jane Caffery, of Londonderry, cabin passengers. The ship, under command of Mr. C. M'Culloch, chief officer, was brought with much difficulty back to the Clyde.

The Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, Mr. Acland, on Feb. 8, received a deputation from the "Unemployed Organisation Committee" of London, in favour of passing a Bill to empower School Boards to supply children with food and clothing, in case of need, at the cost of the ratepayers. In reply, he declined to introduce such a Bill on the part of the Govern-



MR. W. RAWSON SHAW, M.P. (HALIFAX). Aged 35; son of the late Mr. W. Shaw, M.P., woollen manufacturer; grandson of late Mr. William Rawson, of Manchester, Treasurer to the Anti-Corn-Law League.



HON. PHILIP STANHOPE, M.P. (BURNLEY), Born 1847, youngest son of late Earl Stanhope; was in the Royal Navy; is an engineer; married the widow of the late Count Tolstoi; M.P. for Wednesbury, 1886-to 1892.



LORD CRANBORNE, M.P. (ROCHESTER). Born 1861, eldest son of the Marquis of Salisbury; educated at University College, Oxford; married a daughter of Earl of Arran; M.P. for Darwen (Lancashire), 1885 to 1892.



SIR ARTHUR D. HAYTER, M.P. (WALSALL). Born 1835, son of the late Sir W. G. Hayter, Burt., Secretary to Treasury and Judge-Advocate-General; was M.P. for Wells in 1865, for Bath 1873 to 1885; has been in office.



MR. HAROLD J. RECKITT, M.P. (PONTEFRACT). Born 1868, eldest son of Mr. James Reckitt, of Swanland Manor, Yorkshire; was educated at Cambridge; was Manor, Yorkshire; was educated at Cambridge; was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple a year or two ago.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ment, but observed that when the London County Council obtained larger powers that body might be free to make grants for the purpose. Children ought certainly not to be sent to school without their breakfast. Where such cases occurred, however, they could be provided for by voluntary subscriptions, with the assistance of the managers and teachers of the schools

At the dinner, on Feb. 11, in aid of the French Hospital and Dispensary in London, M. Waddington, French Ambassador, presided, and took occasion to explain that his retirement from the embassy was entirely voluntary, and was dictated by his desire to return to the sphere of home politics and not to lose touch with the French

Nearly all the Paris journals have published articles commenting on the sentences passed on the Panama defendants, and especially that on M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, as too severe. The subject is treated by us in a separate article. Apart from this trial, M. Charles de Lesseps and M. Fontane, with several members or former

members of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, are committed for trial at the Assize Court for bribery and corruption, but have appealed to the Court of Cassation.

The rejection, at its preliminary stage, by the Chambre des Mises en Accusation, of the indictment against M. Rouvier, late Finance Minister, who voted for the Panama Lottery Loan Bill, has appeared unsatisfactory to opponents of Government. On Feb. 8 there was a debate on this question, and M. Cavaignac, son of the late General Cavaignac, who was Republican Dictator in 1848, moved a resolution declaring that the Chamber was "resolved to resolution declaring that the Chamber was "resolved to

prevent the recurrence of Government practices which it repudiates and reproves." This was an allusion to the receipt by M. Rouvier, in 1887, of 50,000f. lent by M. Vlasto, one of the Panama finance agents, which was applied by the Minister to subsidise an anti-Boulangist journal. The Prime Minister, M. Ribot, consented to adopt M. Cavaignac's resolution, which was therefore passed almost unanimously, but the effect is considered rather disparaging to the position of the Minister. position of the Ministry.

The German Army Bills Committee of the Reichstag, on Feb. 11, further discussed the general financial situation in connection with the new measures. Herr Richter moved a resolution to the effect that the Government had failed to show how the Empire could meet, out of its own resources, the increased expenditure of the next five years. This resolution is to be discussed at the next meeting of the committee.

Stanhope; was in the led the widow of the lessbury, 1886 to 1892.

A report of Dr. Baumann's latest geographical explorations on the Kagera River and the country between that stream and Lake Tanganyika has just been published at Berlin. The explorer has arrived at the conclusion that the real head-waters of the Nile are those of the Kagera River and the A report of the Manufacture. Nile are those of the Kagera, in the Mountains of the Moon, which are within the boundaries of German East

Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, the ruler of Bulgaria, was formally betrothed at Florence, on Feb. 11, to Princess Marie Louise de Bourbon, daughter of the Duke of Parma, and connected with the Austrian imperial family.

At Rome there is a large gathering of Catholic pilgrims, from every country of Europe, to congratulate Pope Leo XIII. on the jubilee of his entrance into the priesthood, to be celebrated on Friday, Feb. 17, and on the following Monday. Five hundred English Catholics, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, left London for this object on Tuesday evening, Feb. 14.

The recent earthquake in the island of Zante has caused great distress, for which relief funds are being subscribed. Another shock of earthquake has caused, perhaps, not less damage in the Isle of Samothrace, in the Ægean Sea.

The extensive floods in the colony of Queensland, along the river above Brisbane, the capital, towards Ipswich and Toowoomba, also in the region around Gympie, some 120 miles north of that city, have caused damage estimated at two millions sterling. At Brisbane, the Victoria Bridge, a magnificent structure of iron, was carried away, and the

lower parts of the town were com-pletely flooded. Vessels lying in the river were thrown into the Botanical Gardens, which are utterly destroyed. At least fifty lives were lost, and thousands of people left houseless.

The town of Hastings, in the Hawke's Bay district of New Zealand, was half destroyed, on Feb. 8, by a great fire among its wooden buildings.

From Burmah we learn that there has been fighting in the Shan State of North Theinni between a body of Kachins settled there and a detachment of military police under Lieutenant Williams. The police carried eight stockades, but encountered a determined resistance, and Lieutenant Williams and a native officer were killed and eight men wounded.

In the United States, Mr. Cleve-In the United States, Mr. Cleveland has so far selected three members of his Cabinet: Mr. W. Q. Gresham, Secretary of State; Mr. J. G. Carlisle, Secretary of the Treasury; and Mr. D. S. Lamont, Secretary of War. President Harrison, on Feb. 11, received the Hawaiian Commissioners. Their offer of annexation is being con-

sidered; and in the meantime the United States Minister at Hawaii, on Feb. 1, at the request of the Provisional Government, assumed the temporary protectorate, hoisting the American flag at Government House, Honolulu.

NOW ON SALE.

### \* THE \* SKETCH \*

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#### THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

One of the ancient usages of Parliament is that no Bill shall be printed and circulated until leave has been granted for its introduction. The result is that a complicated measure like the Home Rule Bill is discussed at several sittings before anybody outside the Cabinet has seen it, and the Treasury Bench is constantly remarking that when the front Opposition bench has seen the beautiful document it will be sorry for what it has said. As I am devoted to our old institutions, I do not see anything amiss in this, but I suppose that some day a revolutionary spirit like Mr. John Burns will electrify the House by suggesting that

business - like for members to have an opportunity of reading a Bill before they reviewed its merits or demerits with the utmost confidence. True, the House had the privilege of hearing Mr. Gladstone explain the provisions of his Home Rule scheme. It was a great performance, though it left many of the Premier's auditors in some confusion of mind. I formed an opinion about the proposed veto quite different from the opinion of the Serjeant-at-Arms, and I don't think any two members of the House were agreed as to the nature of Mr. Gladstone's plan for preventing the Irish representatives at Westminster from interfering with purely British busi-Rows of ness. blameless legislators sat on chairs, and lapsed into fog during the exposition of the financial relations between England and Ireland. The Irish party followed the speech with painful interest, as if they hoped to find it rather better than when they saw it in secret conclave at Downing Street. Mr. John Redmond, with the conscious dignity of a patriot who might have seen the marvellous plan beforehand but for his incorruptible devotion to his country, sat and gazed at the glass roof, smiling ever and anon as who should say, "This is all very well for this House, but, bedad, it isn't good

Only it must be admitted that Mr. Redmond would not in any circumstances say" bedad." or anything else that is truly and delightfully Hibernian.

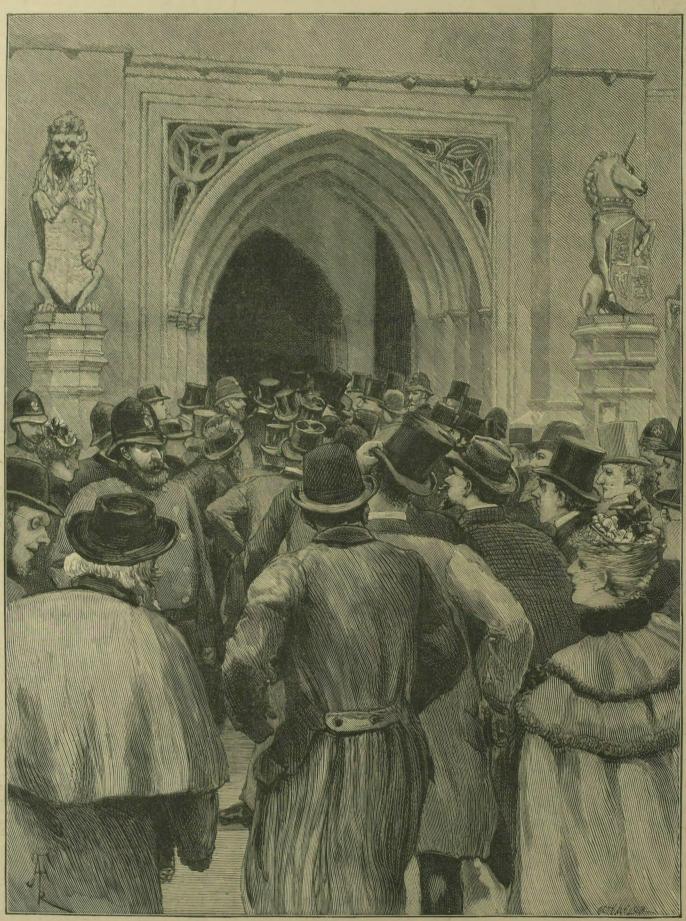
Well, it was a great speech, although we who heard it were not much wiser when it was over than old Caspar in his story of Blenheim to little Peterkin. We saw a stately figure with uplifted hand, an impressive gesture which Mr. Gladstonenever uses without striking awe into the beholders, and we heard a wonderful voice, sometimes flooding the Chamber with music, and then falling in sheer weariness into a scarcely audible murmur. Every man in that dense throng had his mind made up. Colonel Saunderson had, I am sure, made up two minds—one that the Bill was abominable, and the other that the member who had ousted the gallant Colonel from his accustomed place was a conspirator of the blackest kind. But the whole

assemblage listened with absolute enjoyment. Whether the Bill were good or bad, there was no doubt that this old man at the table was a mighty wizard, whose personal force inspired breathless wonder, if not conviction. How easily he handled all the intricacies of his theme! When fairly amid the difficulties which surround the question of retaining the Irish members at Westminster, instead of embarrassment, he showed a positive affection for thorns and nettles. There were strong reasons for excluding the Irishmen, there were strong reasons for retaining them, and, to be perfectly impartial, Mr. Gladstone gave a candid summary of both sides. Every sentence in this passage was

punctuated by the merriment of his audience. They were a

composed of legislators elected on a property franchise, and the other a hundred and three strong and elected by the existing democratic suffrage; that from the purview of this Legislature should be excluded a variety of subjects, including religious disabilities, external trade, treaties with foreign Powers, questions of peace or war; that the Viceroy should, if necessary, veto the acts of the Legislature by virtue of instructions from the Imperial Government; that eighty Irish gentlemen should sit in the Westminster Parliament and vote on questions declared to be imperial, but not on purely British business; and that Ireland should have a surplus of half a million a year. Mr. Balfour described this later on as the war indemnity to be paid by vanquished England to the victorious Irish

people, and the suggestion was much appreciated by his supporters. I did not observe much enthusiasm in the Irish party for any of the proposals, but Mr. Sexton accepted them on behalf of his friends, and with an eye, as Mr. Balfour observed, to further instalments. The Leader of the Opposition, speaking the day after Mr. Gladstone's oration, said the Bill was a "strange abortion" and a "bastard combination," that the provisions for the retention of the Irish members would not work, that Ulster was unalterably opposed to this or any plan of Home Rule, that the lessons of great nations were against Mr. Gladstone's policy, that the loyal Irish wanted nothing but decent government, and that the disloyal Irish wanted nothing but Separation. To this Mr. Bryce, in his best professorial style, retorted that as "a philosophic visitor from another planet" could not be persuaded that the British Constitution was a working machine, it was useless to predict the impossibility of working the new Irish Constitution. I do not know that Mr. Bryceis persuasive, but the House listens to him respectfully, as if it had a fear of being whipped and put in a corner if it is not good. But it is depressed when Mr. T. W. Russell, with



THE GREAT HOME RULE DEBATE: SCENE AT THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, MONDAY, FEB. 13.

little bored by the finance, but they greatly relished Mr. Gladstone's playful anxiety to relieve the Irish members from any temptation to political intrigue. All through this entertainment the Liberal-Unionist leaders sat with smiling lip and puckered brow. They were amused but uneasy. What might this festive humour of the Old Parliamentary Hand portend? Mr. Chamberlain leant forward with eager face. Sir Henry James dived occasionally, and came up very red, as if he had sought explanation under his seat without success. Sir John Lubbock seemed to be thinking of the wasp he once domesticated, and wishing he could tame the wily and dangerous old gentleman at the head of her Majesty's Government.

The gist of Mr. Gladstone's secret of seven years appeared to be that the Irish Legislature should consist of two assemblies, one of them forty-eight strong and

a wagging head and a voice which alternates between a scream and a gurgle, proclaims his resolve to do or die for Ulster.

The London County Council, on Feb. 15, adopted the proposals of its Special Committee on Technical Education, to form a Board of thirty-five members, being twenty of the Council, five of the London School Board, and others representing the City and Guilds Institute, the City Parochial Charities, the Head Masters of Public Schools, the National Union of Teachers, and the London Trades Council, to provide every district in London with technical instruction in all grades, from the school to the workshop and to the University, for which purpose the sum of £29,000 is appropriated this year, and in future years onethird of the amount received by the Council from Customs and Excise under the Local Taxation Act.

# HE. REBEL. QUEEN BY WALTER. BESANT.



CHAPTER VII. THE ARM OF

ANGELO'S little place in Mortimer Street is certainly more like a private house than a shop. The windows are those of a private house; there is no name over the door, only a small brass plate with the name "Angelo" in the middle of the side - post. But all

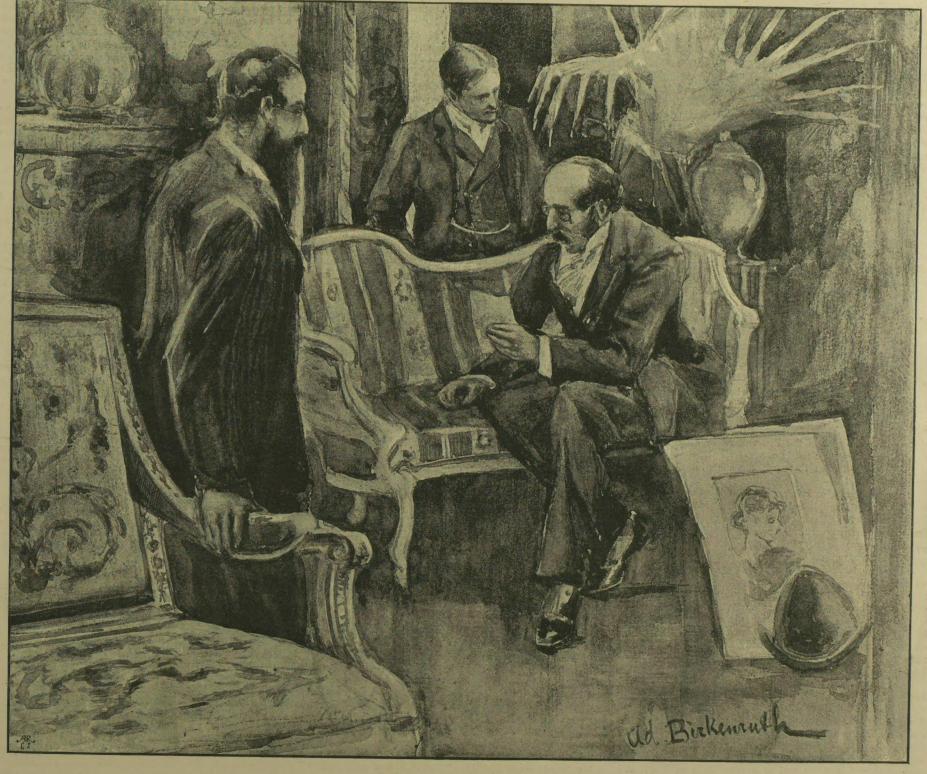
the world knows Angelo's. The door stands open, the visitor enters, turns the handle of an inner door, and finds himself on the ground floor, the back room opening out of the front. These rooms are furnished, rather too much furnished, with a curious assortment of chairs, tables, and cabinets. The walls are covered with pictures, except where a bracket supports a clock or a statuette or an

ancient mug. The cabinets are filled with all manner of odds and ends, coins of every age and every land, watches of every maker, rings in trays, precious stones in trays, scarabæi and mummy figures and hieroglyphic inscriptions from Egypt, tablets covered with cuneiform characters from Assyrian mounds, statuettes in silver and bronze, ancient lamps, Roman pottery and tiles, mediæval glass, cameos-I know not what. The whole house is a museum: on the stairs are sarcophagi and things carved in wood, in the rooms above are china and porcelain, things precious and costly, ivory caskets, wooden chests, idols, arms and implements from every country under the sun, dresses and fabrics of every kind; there is nothing which may not be seen, examined, and bought here: there is nothing which Mr. Aldebert Angelo, proprietor of this wonderful collection, does not keep and does not know. He is not a picture-dealer, he will tell you; yet here is a picture, a genuine Vandyke. How does he know that it is genuine? He laughs gently. Everybody knows, he says, such a simple thing as that. Here is a piece of Sèvres. How does he know that it is genuine? He laughs. Everybody, he says, can see at a glance that it is genuine. Here is a coin, a silver shekel, with the Maccabæan stamp. How does he know that it is genuine? Well, he says, a forgery proclaims itself, whether it be paste pretending to be a diamond or gilt pretending to be gold, or a copy pretending to be an original. How do people get this eye for the genuine and the forged? No one knows. It is born with a man, perhaps: inherited:

especially it is a gift of the People to whom Mr. Aldebert Angelo belongs.

A clerk sits on this ground-floor; he is invisible when you go in; he remains invisible while you walk about and look at the things. When he perceives by a certain green hue that falls upon every visitor's face after a time that he is seized with a sickness of yearning, a longing for something, he suddenly appears, and proceeds to give, in a soft and confidential murmur, a little history of that thing. He is quite young, but he knows about as much as his employer, and he nevernever-never suffers anybody to depart without leaving behind him a substantial portion of his worldly wealth in return for a bibelot, a bit of bric-à-bracary, a coin, a pot, a picture, a

This morning two men were conversing in one of the front windows of this museum. They were both men of about fifty. One of the two you have already seen. He was standing, one foot on a carved stool, his left hand jingling keys in his pocket, a man somewhat shorter than the average, and certainly of more solid build. He was dressed in the style of the substantial British merchant: there are a good many like him, I believe, in the City, and we recognise the figure, and we know what it is meant for when it is drawn or when it is met. Broadcloth covers that figure-a good, substantial broadcloth. The company of which he is chairman may be shoddy and sham; but his exterior is good broadcloth. This figure wore a faultless hat, had a solid gold chain



"What is it?" asked his brother.

across his waistcoat, a large signet-ring on his finger, and gold pince-nez with a thin gold chain upon his nose. His hair had gone off the temples and crown; what was left of it was black; he had thick black eyebrows; his eyes were keen and bright; his face, though the features were somewhat marred with too generous living, showed the greatest ability-such a man might have been Chancellor of the Exchequer, or he might have organised a revolution, yet he was only a dealer in bricà-brac; he might have led the House of Commons, but he was only Mr. Aldebert Angelo, of Mortimer Street, dealer in

He was standing. The other man was seated on a carved oaken chest. This man, about the same age, was of very different appearance. Generous living had not puffed his cheeks or swelled his neck; he was slight and thin; he clearly belonged to a lower social level; he wore a pot-hat, and was dressed in a grey suit which fitted more tightly than is the fashion with most men. His sharp face, the carriage of his small, well-set head and body, his keen eyes, showed a curious alertness as of one always on the watch-the face of the hunter and the hunted. The name of this person to the general public was Sydney Bernard. To those who know the Turf and have heard of bookmakers-one need say no more. And though no two men could be more unlike each other, and though the two men bore different names, this man was the brother of Mr. Aldebert Angelo.

"The name attracted me first," Mr. Angelo was saying. His voice was soft, musical, and low-say persuasive-say rich if you like-but there is a less pleasing adjective sometimes used in connection with such a voice, that you must not use. "The name, Elveda. Everybody knows the name. Why, it belongs to history-our history-as much as the name of Albu-who ever heard of an Elveda outside ourselves? My Clara first told me about these people. She made the acquaintance of the girl-Francesca Elveda-at Newnham, where she was at college, you know-Clara thinks everything about her. Never was a girl so clever; never was a girl so beautiful; never was a girl so rich; calls herself a Spanish Moor. That set me thinking. Why should a Jewess call herself a Spanish Moor? How came she to be so rich? You never heard of an Elveda with money, brother?"

"Never."

"They were Spanish Counts once, and pretended to be Catholics, but they had no money. There have been scholars among them and men of science and study, but never any rich Where did the money come from, then? And why Spanish Moors? Our people can call themselves what they like, brother, but"

The brother nodded. "What they like," he repeated. "All the same "-

"I understand you, brother; that is so, fortunately for ourselves. It is by Special Providence, and for our ultimate glorification. I haven't seen the girl, but I understand from Clara that a Spanish Moor is not to be distinguished from a Well, Clara is a friend of the girl and goes to Spanish Jew. the house. They live in Cromwell Road, not far from my house. They've got the biggest house in the Road; they've got horses and carriages; the place is always full of people; they give dinners and dances and private theatricals and concerts. Madame Elveda has meetings about women's rights and such stuff. I am told that the house is well furnished, and that it contains—as you'd expect from a house furnished by women-everything that it shouldn't-bad copies for pictures, antiques made yesterday, old armour hammered last week, and china most clumsily forged; you know the stuff that goes into a house where there are only women. Why, my Clara herself, with all her advantages, has never been quite able to tell a copy from an original. So long as they believe that it's all right they are happy. Wait till it comes to selling off."

"What are you coming to?" asked the other.

"Wait a bit. I said I was going to surprise you-and I am. Everything in this world is accidental. When I was in Paris the other day I saw in the shop of one of my correspondents a very curious little collection of books. Quite by accident-for I don't as a rule buy books-I asked what they were and where they came from. They were once the property, he told me, of a certain Charles Albu"

"Charles Albu?" Mr. Bernard, who had been showing signs of boredom, became suddenly attentive. "Charles Albu?

What relation was he to us?" "Charles Albu!" Mr. Angelo repeated. "You have heard of the great contractor in the Peninsular War, Simeon Albu? You know that he was a cousin of ours?"

"I have heard that there was such a cousin. As for any

use he was to us"-

"None-none! Our father was too proud to ask his helpfoolishly proud, I call it-when a few hundreds would have lifted him once for all out of the Whitechapel hole where he has always been mouldering. But he wouldn't. Well, this Charles Albu was the only child of that great contractor."

"He must have been rich, then."

"He was rich. As my French correspondent told me, he was riche à millions-richissime. He was almost as rich as any man need wish to be. I made it my business to find out all I could about him, because in such a case nobody knows what may happen. When a great fortune is in a family it is like a title or a landed estate. All the cousins must keep up their connection with the family. Nobody knows how an estate may drop in. To look after such a fortune, brother, should be a duty which we owe to ourselves and to our children.'

The other, who was a man of few words, nodded his

"Well, then. Now listen. This Charles Albu lived in Paris all his life; he never entered into any speculations, nor did he gamble, nor did he sport, nor did he trade; he enjoyed his income. He spent money in collecting books: two or three booksellers weep still to think of him, but he never spent all

his income, and he never tried to increase it in any way. A dull life, brother-dull, dull, and unprofitable."

The other man shook his head. "Dull," he repeated. "A waste of life, neither to make more nor to lose.

"He just lived as a wealthy man among the pleasures of

"Pleasures?" the man of the Turf repeated. "Pleasures?without speculation-or sport-or gambling-they are all the same"—he looked to his brother to finish the sentence.

"Life has few other pleasures, indeed. This man, our cousin, thought differently, I suppose. He lived retired; he took such pleasure as he wanted, and he died young."

"No wonder!"

"Well, now I am going to give you my surprise. He had only one daughter; she is said to have been very beautifulalso a cousin of ours, mind. This girl was twenty when her father died; at twenty-one she inherited the whole of the great fortune. She was then about the biggest heiress in France, and she married. She might have married anybody she pleased, with all her money; she might have married a great English lord-French lords are not of much account. But she did not; she just married one of her own people. He was a young man who had made already some discoveries or other in science-what they call a promising young man-it is just as well that some of our ability should show itself in other than business lines. The name of this young man was Emanuel Elveda."

"Oh!" The other man looked up sharply. "Then these rich people are our cousins!"

"I thought I should surprise you, brother. Yes, this millionaire and her daughter are our cousins. We had the same great-grandfather, and he lived in the Ghetto of some Italian town. But there's more to tell. They had not been married very long-a year, perhaps-when they quarelled and parted, no one knows why. As for the husband, he went away, and nobody knows what became of him. He is dead, probably. The wife, who had a baby, remained abroad until three or four years ago. But she is separated from her own People-goes no more to synagogue-and declares herself to be a Spanish Moor, which her daughter is said to believe. A Spanish Moor! So, you see, our cousin is not likely to own us.'

"Where is the money?"

"I do not know. My inquiries have brought me little farther than the separation. When that happened Isabel Elveda took the management of her fortune out of the hands of the former manager, who was one of Us, and placed them in Christian hands in order to mark her departure.

"Is she a Christian, then?" Mr. Bernard asked

quickly.

"Not that I know of. The inheritance was invested when the daughter succeeded, in French Rentes of various kinds and in English Consols-safely and prudently invested. That I know because I have conversed with the former manager-an old man now. Where it is now I cannot tell."

"This great fortune, brother"- He stopped and waited. He had a way of letting his brother finish the

"I know what you are going to say-it belongs to the family. It is true that this woman has left her own People, but she would not, surely, give away such an immense fortune out of the family. She could not. And it is our duty to reflect that the management of this fortune is in the hands of a woman; and that she may be tempted to play with it-fancy an ignorant woman playing with such a property! Think of the sharks and the robbers who would gather round her as soon as she began to play! Think of the rotten things she would be made to bolster up for their benefit! Why, it is terrible to think of what might happen."

Mr. Bernard nodded thoughtfully.

"Do you know how much it is? Forty millions of francs when this woman succeeded-more than a million and a-half of English money. Sixty thousand pounds a year! Sixty thousand pounds a year! More than a hundred and fifty pounds a day! Six pounds an hour! There's a fortune for you! Good Heavens! And all in the hands of one woman who has but one child-a girl. The girl may never marryshe seems to be a fool, for she says she shall never marry-or she may have no children, or she may die-then-brotherwhat becomes of all this money? Besides, I have heard from Paris. Her agent, a Frenchman and a Christian—it is whispered among Us-speculates-and has been losing."

"What can we do?"

"She has left her People. She should be dead to us. But then it isn't as if she were a man; and it isn't as if she had turned Christian, for she hasn't. She is only to be regarded as a Jewess who neglects her religion; and she is always, remember, our cousin. Perhaps she does not know that she has any cousins: certainly her father kept up no acquaintance with our side of the family. In that case, we ought, perhaps, to inform her that she has a large family of cousins. Perhaps she is not desirous of cultivating her relations-that is her look-out. We shall certainly not force ourselves upon hernot that she has any call to be ashamed. What? A man may strip himself of everything-religion and race and friends and money-but he can't strip himself of his family, that remains. You belong to your family, you are tied to your family, you can't get away from it-any way. The brothers and the cousins remain."

"They do."

"And they have the right to offer assistance and counsel. It may not be taken, but they can offer it."

"Then we might "-

"What you are going to say, brother, is exactly my opinion. We might call upon her. Let us chink it over. I learn from Clara that Madame Elveda, our cousin, Isabel Albu that was, is a proud and very dignified woman. We must be very careful. It will not do to fling in her face publicly the fact that she pretends to be what she is not, and that she is what she pretends not to be. We must be very careful."

"Does Clara know?"

Mr. Angelo laughed softly. "Would a wise man entrust a secret to the keeping of a woman? No-no. Clara will

be useful. Clara makes herself necessary to the girl; but Clara does not know why."

Just then the door was pushed open, and a man walked in looking about him. He was a man of middle age-say of forty-five. He had the healthy brown skin-with stains of weather upon it - which belongs to men who have travelled or voyaged much, yet nothing of the sailor in his aspect. You could guess from the first glance at his face that he was a traveller. He was not dressed quite in the fashion of Piccadilly: you could not, from his appearance, assign him his position in the world. Now, most men can be set down as this, that, or the other merely from their outward appearance. For instance, looking round in an omnibus one discovers that this man has a shop, or a "place of business"; and that the other man is in the City, and has an office; and that the third man is evidently a solicitor; and the fourth man is a professional in one of the fancy kinds, such as music; and the fifth man is connected with the Turf; and the sixth is an actor; and the seventh is a rustic; and the eighth is a clergyman-and so on. It was, however, more difficult to guess from his appearance the condition or calling of this man. He was dressed in a loose jacket of brown cloth, and had a soft felt hat: so far, he might have been an artist of some kind. But there was nothing of the artist on his face. His other garments showed signs of long wear: his boots were made for tough work. He might have been returning from a long journey: he was travel-stained: his hands were, and always had been, gloveless: they were browned by exposure, and the fingers were horny, as if they worked. These outward signs, taken together, do not belong to any of the known professions. Yet if the spectator or the speculator should by accident chance upon a recollection of the word "Pilgrim," that would at once suggest a solution of the difficulty. The man might be a Pilgrim; the felt hat, in imagination, enlarged its borders and became ornamented with scallop-shells; his grey jacket became a long grey gabardine with a belt, from which hung a shell and scrip; and his walking-stick became a Pilgrim's staff. Pilgrim, no doubt. Pilgrim to many a holy shrine.

A Pilgrim, truly. This man had wandered alone for twenty years, all the time on pilgrimage. He was, as you shall learn in good time, the greatest Pilgrim living-the most extensive Pilgrim of past or present.

This man was no other than Emanuel Elveda, the very man of whom the brothers had just before been talking. The arm of coincidence brought him to this place at this moment. When last you saw him he refused, in his wife's drawingroom, the wages of compromise. He was young then. Twenty years make a great difference in every man's face; the change is not capricious but by law—see my great work of the future on the subject of Development, Chapter XLIV., "On the Face and its Expression"; title of sub-section, "Influence of Occupation." It is a very interesting chapter, and full of learning. Here you will see set forth — but compare Chapter XCII., on "Daily Habit"—not only the general laws, but also the law of influence. Show me a faithful portrait of a man at twenty-five, and another of the same man at fifty, and I will read the history of his habitual thoughts, and tell you the kind of work he has been doing. Such knowledge should prove especially useful at a General Election, the choice of a President, or the recognition of a Leader.

This man's life had been that of a philosopher; therefore, his face had softened-all the lines in it had softened. When last we saw that face there was the look of a warrior-a captain: now it was the face of a ruler-a sheikh. The man had ruled nobody except himself: that is enough, however, when the self is great. There had been the keen eye of a hawk on the face: now the eyes-the deep blue eyes-were softened. Full of light were they still, but it was the evening, not the morning, light. Often in twenty years the beauty and the strength of a face vanish: look round among the men of fifty, and restore, if you can, the face of one-and-twenty. Where is it-that face so bright and brave, so pure and lofty? Gone-gone! The smudges of thirty years have changed and spoiled it; it is spoiled by the allurements of life; it is stained with wine, puffed with feasting, dragged down by the tangles of Neæra's hair: the strong face has become weak; the face framed for wisdom has become foolish.

But this man's face was still strong; it was stronger than of old, yet no longer combative; his brown beard was flecked with grey; his hair, longer than most men wear it, was thin on the temples and also flecked with grey; crows'-feet lay round his eyes; which were serious eyes—a deep line had been drawn across his forehead; his mouth, so far as could be seen behind his beard, was grave and set; there was little laughter on those lips. And he wore glasses-glasses with good strong blue rims.

He removed his hat as he entered and stood looking about

The clerk of the ground-floor seeing that this was no purchaser but, perhaps, a vendor, t the shop and asked him gently how he could serve this stranger.

"I have a letter," he said, "for Mr. Aldebert Angelo."

His English was very good, but it had a foreign accent. You know how a Frenchman, a German, and a Russian respectively speak English—this man spoke as a Russian does, quite clearly and distinctly, and with all the aspirates right, yet with a foreign accent.

Mr. Angelo turned round. "A letter for me? I am Mr. Aldebert Angelo. Hand it over, my friend."

The visitor produced a letter from a large leather pocket-book, shiny and black from long use. "It is," he said, "from your Hamburg correspondent, Solomon Rosenberg."

Mr. Angelo looked at him curiously and opened the letter. "Oh, Lord!" he cried. Now, nobody had ever before witnessed such a phenomenon in Mr. Aldebert Angelo. He was accustomed to receive everything-changes of price, depreciation of value, or the opposite-with the calm of a philosopher. At this moment he gazed upon his visitor with every mark of uncontrolled amazement. His face seemed to become thin as well as pale—but this was a spectral illusion he opened his mouth, he gasped.

"What is it?" asked his brother.

For reply, the astonished man handed over the letter, murmuring, "Read it and see!"

Mr. Bernard read the letter. His profession-if any canteaches one to guard against sudden emotions. The most surprising things do not disturb the Turf man outwardly. He did not change colour: he only lifted his eyes and glanced at the man who had brought the letter, and then gave it back to his brother, and waited for him to speak.

"You are Emanuel Elveda?" Mr. Angelo asked, recovering a little. "You are actually Emanuel Elveda?"

"I am Emanuel Elveda," the man replied gently. He appeared quite unconscious of any cause for curiosity, and stood before them without the least embarrassment.

" Pray-my correspondent does not tell me this, there may be more than one person of your name—are you the Emanuel Elveda who married, about twenty years ago, in Paris, one Isabel, daughter of the late Charles Albu, in the Synagogue, Rue Notre Dame de Nazareth?"

"I am that Emanuel Elveda."

"Oh! and I believe that you were separated from your wife about a year afterwards?"

"That is so."

"And you have never been heard of since?"

"There is no reason why I should be heard of. My wife had left me. I had neither wife nor child to ask after me. If the world-which has long forgotten me-should remember me again, and should choose to think me dead, what does that matter?"

"Neither wife nor child? Why, your wife is still living here in London.

"My wife has left me. That is enough."

"Why have you written no letters?" Mr. Angelo put this question, gazing upon him curiously.

"I have, besides, neither brother nor sister. And I have no money. Therefore I am a person of no interest to the world. Why should I write letters? To whom should I write letters?"

"How do we know that you are Emanuel Elveda?"

"What does it matter? I am Isaac Cohen, if you like, or Solomon Löwe. What does it matter? If you do not believe that I am Emanuel Elveda, believe that I am somebody else."

"Well, I suppose you are the man. The reason why I started when I read your letter was that we were actually talking about you at that very moment. A coincidence!

"Yes, a coincidence," Emanuel answered carelessly. Why should, or why should not, these people talk about him? He did not ask why they were talking about him or what they were saying. He was indifferent. The thing did not concern

"In all these years-twenty years, is it not?-of your absence what, if we may ask, have you been doing?'

"I have been wandering - travelling - no - wandering about the world."

"And now you propose, I dare say, to return to your wife?"

"No; she may return to me, if she pleases. I shall not return to her. Pray, if you are a friend of my wife's "-

"I have never seen her."

"Then we need not speak of her. We will speak of the reason of this visit. Your friend Solomon Rosenberg, of Hamburg, told me that perhaps you could assist me in what I want.

"What is your business? Is it money?"

"There is no money in any business of mine."

"I remember to have heard that you were a man of science. I suppose there is no money in science?"

I do not live by science but by the work of my hands. I

am a carver in wood.'

"A carver in wood! You are a man of science, and you live by the work of your hands! And your wife is a millionairethe richest woman of all our People-living in a Palace! And you live by carving wood! . This is truly wonderful!"

"What is it to me whether my late wife is rich or poor? Will you do for me what I want? If so, I will work for you; if not, I will go."

"What do you ask me to do for you?"

"Find me a market for my carving. Herr Rosenberg says you buy such things. I work at it only enough to pay my

way, and I ask but little for my work."
"If you really can carve. Plenty of men pretend to this, that, and the other, but a real carver of wood is as difficult to find as a good painter of pictures. It is an age of bad art, my friend, bad work, bad everything, bad workmen multiplied by the thousand. If you can really carve, look at this chest now." He pointed to the small oak chest on which Mr. Sydney Bernard had been sitting: it was covered with wood-carving; there were pilasters on the sides and front; there were vines with leaves and clustering grapes—a very beautiful piece of old carving to all appearance. "Look at that now. What do you think of this piece of work-a noble, noble piece of lastcentury work? Can you equal that?"

The man stooped and examined it carefully. "This," he said, "is not last-century work at all. It was executed yesterday. Nor is it noble work; it is common work. You called it last-century work in order to try me. He who sells this chest for good work or for old work commits a fraud."

Mr. Angelo laughed. "He who buys it for good work or for old work, my friend, commits a folly. That is the better way to put it. Come, now, Mr. Elveda, can you do such work as that?"

"Mine is very much finer work. This is coarse in execution

and common in design.

"Humph! I thought you were a scientific man. Well, if you really can do what you say—come—Mr. Elveda—bring me a sample of your work. If it is only as fine as this which you call coarse and common I'll take all you can do. And the more the better. And for terms—but you shall see."

"Thank you. I will begin at once."

"What is your address? Where are you lodging?"

"I do not know. I must find one somewhere. Do you know of any place where I could live? It must not be quite in the middle of the houses. They choke me."

Mr. Angelo stroked his chin thoughtfully. Then he looked at his brother and nodded his head, with the least little emphasis as of private meaning and intelligence.

"Perhaps I can. You want to work at home and to have meals at home, I suppose. Yes. Yours is clean work. I suppose you don't carry on scientific work-which means stinks and bottles in your room—only the carving. Yes. You don't want, naturally, to be very near your wifeyou are not anxious to meet her—you are not anxious for her to meet you—of course not. Well, now, my friend here-Mr. Bernard is his name-happens to have a room in his house which would just suit you." Mr. Bernard started slightly, but made no other sign. "You can have it for five shillings a week, and you can make some arrangement about meals. His daughter teaches music, which won't inter-



He is quite young, but he knows about as much as his employer.

fere with your work. Make it lively, like a barrel-organ all day in the street. The place is at the other end of the towna cheerful, airy locality, looking out over a-kind of garden. And you can get about by the Underground Railway-Portland Road Station.'

"Thank you. I shall be very glad to accept the offer if

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Bernard. "I suppose you can have the room. Shall you want it for long?"

'Not for long; I have some business to get through-

the business that brought me here. Perhaps two or three months—then I shall go away again."

"There's another thing," Mr. Angelo continued. "If you don't want to be known, you had better take another name. Many of our people do, you know. My name is not Angelo. If you don't want people to go about saying that Emanuel Elveda, who was thought to be dead, has come back yourself something else Just as you like, you know, but if you don't want to be talked about you had better work under another name. Emanuel Ellis, say-eh? Why not Ellis?"

"As you please. Let it be Ellis—or anything else—as you please."

"Where are your things?"

"I have a bag with a change of clothes and my tools."

"Very good! Then here is the address." Mr. Angelo wrote it down on a card. "Mr. Bernard is now going home, and will see that things are ready for you. Good-morning, my friend. Good-morning, Mr. Ellis."

Emanuel Elveda took the card, read the address, inclined

his head gravely, and went away.
"Brother," said Mr. Angelo, when the door closed, "I promised you a surprise; but hang me if I was prepared for such a surprise as this! Well, now! That is Emanuel Elveda our cousin by marriage. We may as well keep the little secret to ourselves, and keep the man under our own eyes-eh? Your lodger. No need for the world to know that Emanuel Elveda, thought to be dead, has come to life again-eh? His

wife don't want him back. Nobody wants him back. But

where there is money it's well to be careful."
"Quite as well," his brother repeated, "As to the man,

"I know what you are going to say. The man is clearly one of those unfortunates who never could make money with all the chances in the world. He married a millionaire, and he left her-think of that! He keeps himself with woodcarving-actually, with wood-carving! He's a chemist, and I don't know what. He ought to be discovering things, taking out patents-rolling in riches. Wood-carving! And his wife a millionaire! He won't give you any trouble, brother, and it really is just as well to know what he is doing. We may be instrumental in bringing all that money back through this very man. Wood-carving! Well, I shall get him cheap, I daresay. That will be something-if he can really carve. And I shall be useful to him. There's no gratitude in trade, but in science, who knows? And the Elvedas were always fools about money."

(To be continued.)

#### ART NOTES.

The stores from which Messrs. Agnew draw their annual display of water-colours seem almost inexhaustible, for this year's exhibition lags in interest but little behind any of its predecessors. There are, perhaps, not many works altogether hors ligne, but the general average, especially among the older and deceased painters, is uniformly high. Samuel Prout, David Cox, and W. Hunt are strongly represented. The "Room in Hardwick Hall" (269), by the last-named artist, is a gem, and one of rare variety, as Hunt's chief reputation was made in another line. The most distinctive feature, however, of the present exhibition is the prominence accorded to Copley Fielding, who, after a period of unmerited neglect, is now apparently coming again into favour. There is here a little "Mountainous Landscape" (310), so rich in colour and so different in composition to this year's exhibition lags in interest but little behind any (310), so rich in colour and so different in composition to his ordinary work as to make one think that at one time he felt the influences of the Blake school. Francis Nicholson, a still older painter, who is a link between the old and the new style of water-colour painting, is represented by a view of Scarborough as it appeared at the very beginning of the century; and from Turner's magic brush we have the well-known "Heidelberg," as well as "Ingleborough," from the Richmondshire, and "Fowey Harbour," from the Southern Coast series. Of living artists Mr. Birket Foster and Mr. Wilfrid Ball are most numerously represented. Southern Coast series. Of living artists Mr. Birket Foster and Mr. Wilfrid Ball are most numerously represented—the former wandering over Europe from St. Andrews to Sorrento, and the latter carefully studying life at Dordrecht and its picturesque setting.

Like many other over-stimulated bantlings, the New English Art Club, of which so much was expected, is said to be "rickety." Crotchety its members have certainly shown themselves to be, but they have provided a steady snown themselves to be, but they have provided a steady supply of amusing, if not edifying, subjects for visitors and critics. The decline of "New English Art" seems to date from 1890, which was marked by the secession of Mr. Clausen, Mr. Kennington, Mr. W. H. Llewellyn, and some of the stronger "naturalists." The following year saw the flight of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Chevallier Tayler, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Frank Short, and others of the Newlyn school; and let wear the twenty resignations included the school; and last year the twenty resignations included the

school; and last year the twenty resignations included the names of such tried impressionists as Mr. William Stott (of Oldham), Mr. Laidlay, Mr. Sidney Starr, and Mr. Ludovici, as well as of others like Mr. J. J. Shannon, Mr. H. S. Tuke, and Mr. A. Harrison, who have achieved fame under other roofs. This year has commenced badly, for already Mr. Jacomb Hood, Mr. Alexander Mann, and two or three more have withdrawn

from the advantages which the society promised to offer. Are we to look for the evolution by the club of a still newer English art?

In the keen competition between English and foreign art publishers, especially in the various process systems by which original works are reproduced, the Fine Art Society has done much to sustain the national self-esteem. One of its latest publications is Mr. Margetson's "Charles I. at Hampton Court," in which the painter first transferred to canvas and now reproduces in black and white the last scene of Mr. Wills's well-known drama. To some extent Mr. Margetson is indebted to the scene-painter, and perhaps even more to the liberal manager under whose direction the piece was so effectively placed on the stage of the Lyceum. In recognition of this debt Mr. Margetson gives in his rendering of Queen Henrietta a charming and but slightly idealised portrait of Miss Ellen Terry and a grave and dignified rendering of Mr. Irving's delineation of the hapless monarch. In the picture, however, all is still looking hopefully for the royal cause, and the group in the hours as they project the collection and the group in the barge, as they enjoy the cool shade cast by the fine avenue of trees overhanging the stream, seem to feel no misgiving that their days are numbered.

Among the earliest manifestations of the love of the arts of design a place must be accorded to the art of tattooing, and recent fashion showed that its attractiveness has not been wholly lost even in the most exalted cases of Western civilisation. Hitherto, however, the researches on the subject have developed no abstruse theory as to its intention among semi-civilised nations, Dr. Vercoutre—who for some time has been residing in Tunis—has, however, now put the French Academy of Inscriptions upon the quest. He thinks that in the tattoo-marks with which the Tunisians still ornament their bodies and faces he has been able to trace the persistent representation of a small human figure, or mannequin. This figure, with its outstretched arms, is found engraved upon numerous Phœnician and Carthaginian monuments, and is generally known as the "Symbol of the Punic Trinity." The scrupulous exactness with which this symbol has been reproduced through the centuries which have elapsed since the collapse of the Carthaginian empire is one of the unexplained mysteries of anthropology.

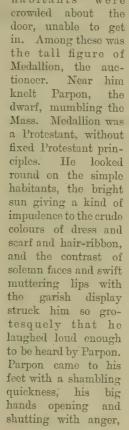


THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, WESTMINSTER.

### PARABLES OF A PROVINCE.—III. BY GILBERT PARKER.

THE ACOLYTE OF ST. SAVIOUR'S.

the boy, but showed, too, a distant kindness. One Sunday, when the summer was nearly ended, Père Rachelle said his last Mass and preached his last sermon in the church of St. Saviour. The church was full, and many habitants were crowded about the door, unable to get



smell of incense floated out, and the organ began a voluntary. "The Mass is over," said Parpon, and made the sacred gesture. "The last Mass of good Père Rachelle," he added. "He is fine at a wedding," said one habitant. "Small-pox and such things are nothing to him," said another. Medallion drew nearer to the door, and saw Père Rachelle ascending the pulpit-stairs. A few feet from the door sat the Little Chemist and his wife, just risen from their knees. Beside them still knelt the figure of a woman clothed in black. She did not rise until the voice of the preacher was heard in the Ascription. Then, with a shiver to her shoulders, she rose to her feet as if to come out of the church, but the high, clear voice of the preacher rang down the aisle: "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children, or lands for my sake and the gospel's but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time . . . and in the world to come eternal life."

The woman paused: her face came slowly up as though answering a call, many emotions working in it, and then sat down. Her eyes were fixed with a kind of awe upon the speaker, but at a point when, lifting up his arms, he cried: "And who shall stand between us and our salvation? Not father or mother, or sister or brother, or wife or child; and God's anger is on them that withhold"-At that the woman rose to her feet, and a sob shook from her lips; then feebly making the sign of the Cross, she moved to the door of the church, but, with her foot on the step, swayed and fell-into Medallion's arms. The priest saw, and paused with hand upraised, and through the hush there came a voice from behind him which said, "Mother! Mother!" with a little cry of pain. Père Rachelle felt a thrill as of awe pass through him. He looked to the door. The woman's pale, senseless face was turned towards him, the bright sunshine on it.

The habitants of Pontiac used to say afterwards that



"Adrien," said the priest one day, "how long have you served at the altar?"
"Five years, mon Père."

One summer the Curé of Pontiac was ordered by his bishop to conduct a mission at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, and Père Rachelle, of the great church of St. Joseph in Montreal, came to take his place. He was a man of fine, ascetic presence, with a large deep-seeing eye, and a voice as of murmuring water. Adrien, the acolyte, served him with a pleasure never before felt. From the first moment, too, Père Rachelle had an intimate feeling for the boy, and people held that there never were such Masses said in the church of St. Saviour as then.

- "Adrien," said the priest one day, "bow long have you served at the altar?"
  - "Five years, mon Père."
  - "How old are you?"
  - "Fourteen years, mon Père."

The priest sighed and looked musingly at the boy. "And your father and mother, Adrien?"

- "The Church is my father and mother, mon Père."
- "It is a good answer," said the priest.
- "But," added the boy, with more than the duty of the Catechism in his voice and his eyes flashing up, "the mother which is mine only lives in Quebec. If you could see how beautiful she is! And her hair falls all about her like a shower. Some day she is coming to see me. You will think her beautiful too—everybody does."
- "Hush!" said the priest, "hush, my son," an austere look in his eyes and his head turned away. But, after a minute, "Have you no father?"
- "My father is dead," said the boy. Then there came the sound of the organ through the vestry door, and they went out to Mass. After this the priest was grave with

his face work-

"What's the matter, little man?" said Medallion, in a genial whisper.

"Mon Dieu!" said Parpon, gasping. "You laugh—it is shameful—at the Mass."

"Get down on your knees, little man," said Medallion. "I was laughing at Farette, the miller, and his wife."

And Parpon believed him, and laughed a little too. Then there was the tinkling of a bell inside the church; the



She moved to the door of the church, but, with her foot on the step, swayed and fell-into Medallion's arms.



"May I bring in our boy, Adrien?" she asked. He made no reply. She went to the door, called softly, and the boy came in.

the good Père Rachelle had such a tender heart that he turned sick when the mother of the acolyte Adrien fainted at the door of the church, and never finished his sermon. But in the Curé's house that night a strange scene occurred. The mother of Adrien, the acolyte, stood trembling before Père Rachelle, and her face was not whiter than his when she said

"Oh, Alphonse! why did you desert me? It is an age since then. Twelve years—and never a word or sign! And at last I believed you dead-I wished to believe you dead.'

He said, "I was a wicked man in those days in Lyons, Gabrielle. I was untrue to you. At last I came back, but you were gone. I heard that you were dead, and then I became this." He stretched out his hand with a kind of despair.

"What will you do?" she said. He was silent.

"May I bring in our boy, Adrien?" she asked. He made no reply. She went to the door, called softly, and the boy came in.

That night the priest and Adrien, the acolyte, and his mother left the village of Pontiac together secretly, and the church of St. Joseph in Montreal never rang again with the fine voice of Père Rachelle. Nor did his name continue to appear in the clergy-list of the province.

#### A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

Great discontent, I learn, prevails amongst members of Parliament with the inadequate accommodation of the House of Commons. Here are six hundred and seventy patriots burning to distinguish themselves by devotion to the public business, and they cannot find seats enough nor even standing room. I venture to suggest that they should retire to the library and study the jeremiad in Macmillan's on the deterioration of Parliament. From this they will learn that the quality of mind and character in the democratic Chamber has sadly declined, character in the democratic Chamber has sadly declined, and perhaps the reflection may dispose them to humility and a desire not to thrust themselves into prominence by scrambling for places in the House. Just think what a quantity of useful knowledge your M.P. may acquire by ceasing to trouble himself about public affairs, except at the call of the Whips, and by spending an hour or two amongst the magazines. He may discover, for instance, from the Rev. Guinness Rogers's article in the Nineteenth Century that a militant policy in Uganda is contrary to the true spirit of Christian missions, and from Sir Charles Dilke's article in the Fortnightly that the annexation of Uganda will bring upon us all the hordes of Arabs in Central Africa. If this upon us all the hordes of Arabs in Central Africa. If this

does not sufficiently startle the M.P., let him read the Socialists in the Fortnightly—the sprightly dialogue of Mr. H. W. Massingham, the fleers and flouts of Mr. Bernard Shaw, the statesmanship of Mr. Sidney Webb, who shows how easy it is to push forward Radical measures in the House of Commons in old helf house hefere midin the House of Commons in odd half-hours before midnight. It will be a strange thing if the M.P. does not gather some useful and entirely novel impressions from this gather some useful and entirely novel impressions from this exposition of Fabian humour and philosophy. Moreover, he will find in Mr. William Clarke's contribution to the Contemporary the interesting admission that there are limits to Collectivism. For example, Mr. Clarke has no desire to see art and æstheticism administered by the London County Council. Pictures must not be painted by Committees, nor Mr. Mudie's shelves supplied by contracts with Spring Gardens. Plays will not be produced by the collaboration of Mr. McDougall and Mr. Fardell; and Mr.

and Mr. Fardell; and Mr. William Archer will be left to write prefaces to the works of

write prefaces to the works of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. A. B. Walkley to revel in a gay indifference to Shakspere. Having mastered the limitations of Collectivism, the M.P. may observe in passing the limitations of M. de Blowitz's genius. In the Contemporary M. de Blowitz recalls his magnanimity in refusing to send to the Times an account of the tantrums displayed by the French Foreign Minister, the Duc oreign Minister Decazes, when that diplomatist heard of Lord Derby's purchase of the Suez Canal shares. The Minister broke a billiar? cue, threw the fragments in the fire, and requested M. de Blowitz to describe this inci-dent in print. That illustrious journalist has done something much more striking. He has sent Lord Derby to the shades to join the Duc Decazes. Most people are under the impression that Lord Derby is still alive; but as M. de Blowitz pronounces him to be dead, the M.P. will be suitably impressed by the superiority of the oracle to the mere

commonplaces of fact. Then he will read with the deepest sympathy Lady Jeune's indictment in the National Review of feminine extravagance in dress. The National Review of feminine extravagance in dress. The pin-money which was ample a generation ago is now totally inadequate to meet the charges of fashion. In the old days the lady's-maid was wont to make her mistress's dresses, and to alter and turn them when they had become dresses, and to after and turn them when they had become shabby; but now the first-rate French maid encourages the caprices of fashion, for she wears the discarded gowns, and often looks smarter in them than their original owner. Once upon a time, as the M.P. will read with a sigh, women were satisfied to wear the plainest materials; now they must have the richest silks, and change their gowns they must have the richest shirs, and thange then gowns half-a-dozen times a day. Lady Jeune deplores the tyranny of fashion, but, as the M.P. will note when he turns to her article in the New Review, she sees no objection to a revival of the crinoline except on patriotic grounds. She tells short women that it will give them dignity, and tall women that it will reals them were investing, and then asks them short women that it will give them dignity, and tall women that it will make them more imposing, and then asks them to resist it because it comes from France! "Oh! Lady Jeune," I can hear the M.P. cry, "is it well to stimulate the very vanity you wish to deprecate, and then expect women to go back to the plain taste of our grandmothers because fashion is mainly foreign?" But the M.P. will feel even more despairing when he reads Miss Ada Bigg in the Nincteenth Century, who actually suggests that women may one day consent to wear a national and even an international garb! When the battle flag is furled in the Parliament of man and the federation of the world, Englishwomen and Frenchwomen will be of the world, Englishwomen and Frenchwomen will be dressed exactly alike, and there will be no distinction between their costume and that of the ladies of Schiedam or Tobolsk. After this the M.P. may reflect that even the caprices of fashion are more rational than the dreams of some reformers. As Lady Jeune says, women no longer dress to please men, but to outvie one another; yet even the most economical man would scarcely care to see his feminine kindred dressed in the unchanging uniform of the

From this agitating topic the M.P. may pass to the study of a very feminine personality in Mr. Lang's article in *Blackwood*. Mr. Lang does not hesitate to write scandal about Queen Elizabeth, and he is certainly justified by historical evidence, especially the revelations in the Spanish archives which figure in the remarkable volume of State Papers edited by Major Martin Hume. Mr. Lang's object is to show that the contumely heaped by Elizabeth's partisons on Mary Queen of Scots is a weapon which strongly is to show that the contumely heaped by Elizabeth's partisans on Mary Queen of Scots is a weapon which strongly resembles the boomerang. The gossip about Elizabeth and Lord Robert Dudley takes a very definite form in the Spanish correspondence, and a remark which the Queen made to Feria, the Spanish Ambassador, about her resemblance to her father, is not likely to be forgotten by the champions of Mary. In Harper's Mr. Lang discourses on Shakspere's comedy "Twelfth Night," with the accompaniment of Mr. Edwin Abbey's pictures, which have suffered somewhat in the reproduction. From a paper in the New Review the M.P. will be shocked to learn that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is in favour of treating Biblical subjects on the stage; but as there is not the smallest prospect that this will ever be permitted, the legislative conscience need suffer no unrest. In the same review M. Paul Bourget makes some rather obvious remarks about the limits of realism in art—using the term art, by-the-way, in the sense which some rather obvious remarks about the limits of realism in art—using the term art, by-the-way, in the sense which Mr. Walkley is good enough to describe, for my personal benefit, as a "confusion of ideas." In Temple Bar Mrs. Margaret Woods has a pretty story, and Mrs. Tweedie, in a "Chat with Dr. Nansen," gives a vivid idea of that explorer's unbounded confidence. But as the M.P. is probably bound by his contract with his constituents to give special attention to ecclesiastical subjects, I daresay he has been absorbed all this time in Miss Agnes Lambert's eulogy of the "Real Becket" in the Nineteenth Century—a composition which will either send the M.P. to the Lyceum or move him to prepare a Bill against sacerdotal pretensions. sacerdotal pretensions.



That night the priest and Adrien, the acolyte, and his mother left the village of Pontiac together secretly.

#### SIGNOR VERDI'S NEW OPERA.

Verdi has almost cleared the "eight-barred gate, which few come in sight of, and fewer—far fewer—go over," as genial Oliver Wendell Holmes calls the attainment of



GIUSEPPE VERDI.

From a recent photograph.

four-score. We have to go back as far as 1839 to recall his first opera. It was entitled, "Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio," and was produced at La Scala, Milan, where his latest triumph has just been achieved. To the famous opera-house all musicians turn with interest, as it has been the birthplace of so many high hopes as well as the site of so many successes. In this opera an English singer-Mrs. Alfred Shaw-took part, and it may be interesting to state that Ricordi paid Verdi the sum of 1750f. for it. This was an achievement for a Rancola innkeeper's son, aged twenty-five! Since those days Verdi's fame has been advanced by such works as "I Lombardi," which was produced in 1843; the beautiful "Ernani" and less popular "Rigoletto," which he himself regards as his masterpiece; the always attractive "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata." Other operas by him include "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Aida," and "Montezuma," but this is happily not the place or the time for a critical estimate of one whose operatic compositions number twenty-eight. It is certainly curious that the veteran should turn to Falstaff as the subject of what is avowelly a comic opera, considering that he has hitherto but coyly approached the humorous side of

music, which we hardly associate with declining years. The secret as to the new opera has been admirably kept, in a way which would have been impossible in this country, considering the interest felt in a great composer's work. Such was the demand for seats at the first performance that they were being sold, in any part of the theatre, for £10 each. Just as "Otello," produced in 1886, was afterwards heard at the Lyceum, we may expect to have an early opportunity of judging "Falstaff" in London. The interpreters of its solo music, with the exception of M. Maurel, who has both sung and lectured here, are not familiar in operatic circles in London. M. Maurel made a great success in the title-rôle, and his make-up is particularly praised. Verdi has all the eccentricities to which genius is entitled, and his work is so richly varied that "Falstaff" cannot fail to please some of the growing crowd of students of opera in England, while on the Continent all new productions—be they by a veteran Verdi or a youthful Mascagni — always receive a careful attention. His librettist on this occasion is Signor Boïto, whose scholarship hardly equals his intentions, although he

has struggled manfully with the difficulties of adapting Shakspere to the music of Verdi. He has modelled the libretto on "The Merry Wives of Windsor," also using portions of "King Henry IV."; but, of course, the music, and not so much the "book," of the opera is "the thing." The three acts of "Falstaff" give scope for six scenes, and apparently the favourite with the audience was the third, in which Falstaff sings a duet with Ford, although the concluding scene in the opera is considered very effective.

As, in Lord Beaconsfield's words, "it is the personal that interests," a few words about Signor Verdi after his triumph may be opportune. The enterprising special correspondent of the Daily Telegraph succeeded in gaining the inevitable "interview" with the composer. He spoke with animated cordiality of his contemporaries, such as Mr. Gladstone and the late Lord Tennyson, and laughed when the remark was made that "the music of 'Falstaff,' so full of life and go, was the music of a young man." His opera went off "like a bottle of champagne," according to another critic. The compliment paid to him by the recent performance of his 'Requiem" by the Bach Choir was evidently highly appreciated. Professor Villiers Stanford and Mr. F. H. Cowen, it may be mentioned, were among the English musicians present at "Falstaff's" first production. The energy of Signor Verdi is boundless — he is just now engaged upon "King Lear." The rank and title of marquis have just been offered by the King of Italy to the great composer, but would certainly not enhance the high position of dignity he already holds among his countrymen. He has long ceased to take an active

part in politics, which in his younger days greatly interested him, and for Verdi music holds the supreme place in his life. On his arrival at his hotel, after the

performance, he found awaiting him a bronze laurel-wreath, upon each leaf of which was engraved the name of one or other of his works. Whenever he appeared in the public streets he was received with enthusiastic acclamation, and, if the critics are to be believed, in "Falstaff" Verdi has put the crowning stone to the edifice of his reputation.

Since the production of "Parsifal" no such gathering of musicians has assembled to listen to the first production of an opera as that which crowded La Scala on Feb. 9. Signor Mascheroni conducted, and the curtain rose on a scene in the Garter Inn at Windsor. No overture preceded the commencement, so that amid silence the opera was heralded. Mrs. Quickly was represented by Madame Pasqua; Ford, by Signor Pini-Corsi; Anne, by Mdlle. Stehle; Fenton, by Signor Garbin; Caius, by Signor Paroli; Bardolph, by Signor Pellagalli-Rossetti; and Pistol by Signor Arimondi. The ensemble at the end of the second act seems to have secured immediate success. The appreciation of the distinguished audience was shown in



SIGNOR ARRIGO BOÏTO, THE AUTHOR OF THE LIBRETTO OF "FALSTAFF."

enthusiastic and repeated calls for composer, artists, conductor, and librettist. As is the curious custom in Milan and in other Italian opera-houses, a ballet followed the new work. Possibly, in this case, the lighter comicalities of Bayer's "Puppenfee" relieved the tension of the audience, and, at all events, was a German contrast to the Italian masterpiece. Among those who witnessed Verdi's opera was Pietro Mascagni, and the presence of the young composer is suggestive and interesting on the occasion of the elder man's triumph. The ball is at

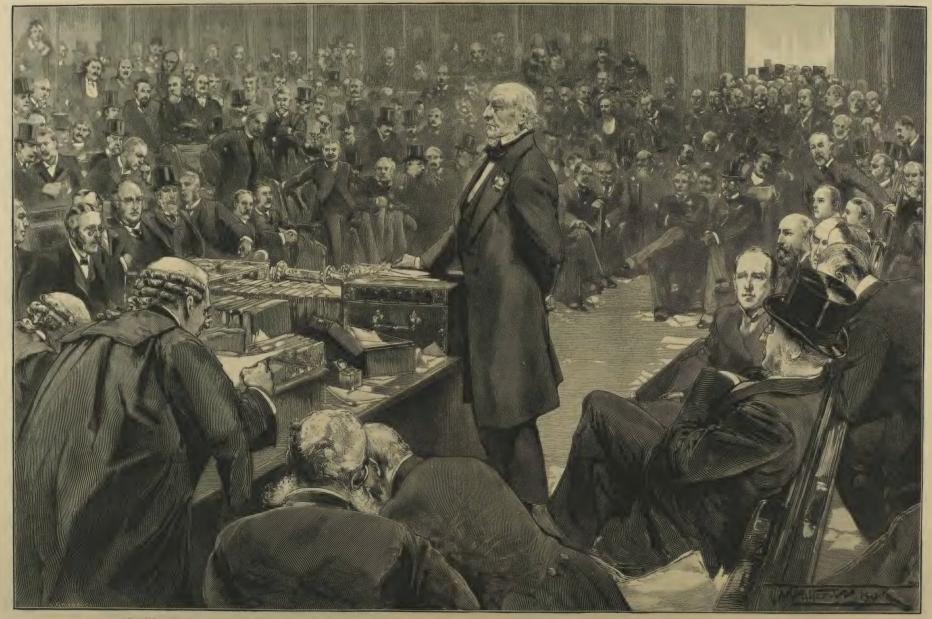
Mascagni's feet as yet-will he roll it as far and as cleverly as Verdi has done? Royalty was present in the person of Princess Letitia, and King Humbert telegraphed: "The Queen and myself, being unable to attend the first performance of 'Falstaff,' anticipa applause about to greet this fresh proof of an inexhaustible genius by sending you our best wishes and the expression of our great admiration. May you be preserved for many years to come, to the honour of art to our affections, and to enjoy the recognition of Italy, which even in her saddest days found patriotic comfort in your triumphs!"



SIGNOR VERDI AT THE REHEARSALS OF "FALSTAFF,"



LA SCALA, MILAN, WHERE VERDI'S OPERA "FALSTAFF" WAS FIRST PERFORMED.



"It would be a univery to me if I had omitted in these classing years any measure possible for me to take towards upholding and promoting the cause which I believe to be the cause not of one party or another, one nation or another, but of all parties and all nations inhabiting these islands. To those nations—viewing them, as I do, with all their wast opportunities under a living union for power and for happiness—to those nations I vay: Let me entirest you—and if it were with my latest breath I would entered you—to let the dead bury its dead, to cant behind you every recollection of bygone evils, and to clerish, to love, to sustain one another through all the wicksitudes of human agains in the times that are to come."

and "Richard the Third"; and the strange spectacle

was always seen, when these plays were produced, of a leading character attired with considerable correct-

ness, surrounded by courtiers wearing the same dresses as were worn by the gentlemen sitting in the pit and the boxes. This strange confusion is well shown in

#### HOW THE OLD ACTORS DRESSED "SHAKSPERE."-II.

In our investigation of the method in which Shakspere's characters were dressed in his own time we have little positive evidence to guide us.—There are only two drawings



"HENRY THE EIGHTH."- ACT III., SCENE 2.

in existence, so far as I know, which profess to be contemporary records of these costumes, and they, unfortunately, are of little use. I refer to two sketches by Inigo Jones, which are reproduced in Peter Cunningham's Jones, which are reproduced in Peter Cunningham's Life of that artist, and are said to represent Jack Cade and Romeo, the latter in a pilgrim's dress. The sketch of Cade is too rough to convey any clear idea of his costume, and the pilgrim's robe, a garment which did not lend itself to Fashion's changes, covers Romeo (if Romeo it be) completely. Mr. Planché, in the interesting notes which accompany the sketches, is fain to find in them some attempts at archaeology, but I confess I see none. And even if they clearly showed antiquarian knowledge I should conclude that they represented Inigo Jones's I should conclude that they represented Inigo Jones's theories rather than the stage's practice, for, otherwise, they would contradict all that we are able to gather from other sources.

What we learn from these other sources is not very much. We know that the players were rich and gaudy costumes, for Heuslowe's inventory of the stage dresses which he bought in 1598 shows that he paid large prices for them. For instance, a black satin doublet and pair of velvet hose cost him £4 14s.; a doublet of white satin, "layd thicke with gowld lace," and a pair of hose of cloth of silver cost £7; while for five suits which he bought from Edward Alleyne while for five suits which he bought from Edward Alleyne he paid £20-very large sums, considering that the purchasing power of money was so much greater then than it is now. We know also that some of the players were as now. We know also that some of the players were periwigs, which were not in general use in Elizabeth's time—"None wear periwigs but players and pictures" and we know that a tall plume of feathers, "a forest of feathers," as Hamlet calls it, was a part of the equipment of the tragic hero. We know that special costumes were used for particular individuals and classes, for in Henslowe's inventories we find "Harye the V. satten

dublet," Edward Longshanks' suit, and green dresses for Robin Hood and Maid Marian, as well as senators' gowns, a cardinal's hat, friars' gowns, and priests' "cottes." But there is no reason whatever to suppose that these costumes were archaeologically correct, or that any of them were of earlier fashion than the middle of the sixteenth century.

A curious proof that this was so is furnished in the office - book of Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, from which Malone printed large extracts. On Feb. 16, 1634, we read, Sir Henry committed one ('romes, a broker in Long Lane, to the Marshalsea, for lending a church robe, with the name of our Saviour on it, to the players in Salisbury Court, to present a Flamen, a priest of the heathens. Another proof is afforded by the print of the Red Bull stage, given in our last issue. given in our last issue which shows Falstaff dressed in the costume of Charles the First's time — not in that of Henry IV. or Henry V.
These two instances

are afforded by the stage of Shakspere himself within a comparatively short time of his death; and we find the same facts demonstrated by the theatre after the Restoration, to which, as we know, the traditions of the earlier



"KING LEAR."—ACT III., SCENE 3. (TATE'S VERSION.)

HENRY HARRIS AS WOLSEY.

period were carefully handed on. Downes, example, in his "Roscius Anglicanus," tells us how, on the production of the Earl of Orrery's "Henry the Fifth," Henry was dressed in the suit which the Duke of Varly ways of Charles York wore at Charles the Second's coronation, while Owen Tudor was decked in the very robes which Charles himself had worn on that occasion. see that the players took no account of two-and-a-half centuries' changes of fashion; in fact, the principle which governed stage costume from the time of Shakspere to that of the Kembles took no cognisance of fashions. All characters, with the exception of those in classical plays, wore the dress of the corresponding class of their own day.

To this simple rule there were two notable exceptions, in the cases of "Henry the Eighth"

the drawing which we give of the great scene in "Henry the Eighth," which represents the King dressed with laudable accuracy, while the attendant lords wear the costumes of Queen Anne's reign. The Cardinal is, of course, dressed sufficiently correctly, for the Churchman's robes vary their fashion little; and he does not wear the huge periwig which was the usual head-dress. We give another picture of Wolsey, showing with greater detail how Henry Harris, the rival of Betterton and the triend of Penys dressed the great Cardinal. ton and the friend of Pepys, dressed the great Cardinal. The original of our plate is an engraving in that quaint and delightful reminiscence of bygone days, the Pepysian

Library at Cambridge.

Inbrary at Cambridge.

For the other Illustrations on this page we are indebted to the edition of Shakspere's plays published in 1709, under the editorship of Nicholas Rowe. After careful study of these pictures, I am quite clear that they are not fancy sketches, but actual studies from the stage of the day, and that we may accept them as trustworthy evidence. Indeed, the "Henry VIII." picture seems to me perfectly decisive on this point, for no artist in his senses could have imagined such a ridiculous scene. More consistent, though scarcely less ridiculous, are the Illustrations of King Lear and Hamlet in their towering periwigs, square-cut skirts, and Hamlet in their towering periwigs, square-cut skirts, and hideous square shoes. Could anything be more heart-less than the sight of the frenzied old King, sobbing out his woes to the storm, clad in such horribly respectable, commonplace clothes? One feels the outrage on King Lear more than that on Hamlet, but even he is sufficiently distressing to look on, with his huge wig and formal skirts; while his mother is little less quaint in her Queen Anne dress. Our other Illustrations complete the picture of our ancestors' oddity of taste, and show us Macbeth, the noble Thane who lived in the eleventh century, in the garb of an officer who might have fought at Blenheim or Malplaquet.

ROBERT W. LOWE.



"HAMLET."-ACT III., SCENE 4.



"MACBETH."-ACT IV. SCENE 1.

#### A NATURALIST'S TREASURES.

A TALK WITH MR. F. C. SELOUS.

The generally accepted notion is that Mr. F. C. Selous, who has recently returned to these shores, is the African hunter on whom Rider Haggard created "Allan Quatermain."

I asked Mr. Selous when I saw him the other day (writes an interviewer of the Illustrated London News) if



ELAND BULL, MASHONALAND, 1880.

he could settle this notion one way or the other. No, he could not. He and Mr. Haggard had never met. Perhaps Mr. Haggard could tell us how much "A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa" helped him to realise the always delightful and sure-shotted Quatermain.

It is some ten years since Mr. Selous wrote his "Hunter's Wanderings in Africa," and now he has another volume or two of experiences in prospect. Apart from anything else, a whole work might be written upon his collection of trophies of the chase-lion skins, hippopotami skulls attractively ugly in their white nakedness, antlered gentleeyed heads of the deer which scour the African valleys. Of course, everything in Mr. Selous's collection-he is putting it all together at his country home at Wargrave is the product of his own gun-shots.

"And in your collection," I remarked, "we who don't



SPOTTED HYÆNA (HYÆNA CROCUTA), MASHONALAND.

know much of the hunter's calling have some evidence upon the extent of your experiences?

"I went to South Africa," said Mr. Selous, "in 1871, and, deducting several trips home, I have spent my time there ever since. Always I have been right up in the interior of the country, never living in Cape Colony or in every - day South Africa."

"When did you actually open your career as a hunter, and in what particular district of the continent?"

"Actually in 1872, when I got to Matabeleland

and Mashonaland, which countries were then full of elephants and big game: I was three years on end in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, and my health was excellent all the time. I was an elephant - hunter only - that is to say, I hunted for elephants, not for anything else. There was no re-

turn for the shooting of any other game, and besides there was the danger of disturbing the elephants."

"But no doubt you would shoot now and then other kinds of animals coming in your way?"

"Oh! yes; my collection speaks to that, only, as I say, it was elephanthunting. I had ten or a dozen Kaffirs with me to carry the ivory, and often our sole diet was elephant meat. This was accounted for generally by the desire to refrain from any shooting, as I have already said, which would disturb the elephants. Elephant-hunting — particularly when you cannot use horses—is very hard work. Where the tsetse-fly is prevalent the horse is out of the question-a horse simply would not live. Practically all those three years in Matabeleland I hunted on foot. Substantially the tsetse is where the game is; when the game is driven from a district by advancing civilisation the tsetse goes with it."

"You said you as often as not had elephant meat only to eat. Would not the average man, to quote a silly phrase from the great 'missing word' competition, call elephant meat 'very savourless'?"

"He might, but if he did he would be quite wrong. Some parts of an elephant make capital eating: that I can assure you from personal experience. The heart and the feet make the best helpings. Shall I tell you how an elephant's foot is cooked?"

"By all means; it may mean a new delicacy for our gourmets."

"You cut off the foot at the lower joint, and place it, skin and all, in a hole in the ground where a good fire has been burning. In other words, the foot, just as it leaves the beast, is laid on the ashes of the fire in the hole. Then you cover over the hole with earth and light a good roaring fire on top. It takes a considerable time to cook the meat, but when properly done it really makes acceptable eating."

"I see. When did you for the time being get out of reach of a roasted elephant's foot?"

"I came to England in 1875, and was here, I think, eight months. I returned to Africa in 1876, and remained hunting in the same districts until 1881. By this time, you see, the elephants had gone farther north, so I followed them; but did not get nearly so many as in my first campaign. They had grown scarcer and were more difficult to get at. This expedition was far from being so good as the previous one. My visit to England in 1881 was of short duration. I was back in Africa in the same year, shooting specimens of large animals—the large antelope, for instance. Since 1881 I have been twice home during the African rainy season, and for the past three years I have been working in connection with the Chartered Company. Byand-by, but not for a year at least, I shall find myself once more in South Africa."

"I suppose I have now extracted your biography as a hunter?"

"Well, you have done so in the



HIPPOPOTAMUS SKULL, RUENZA RIVER, SOUTH-EAST AFRICA.



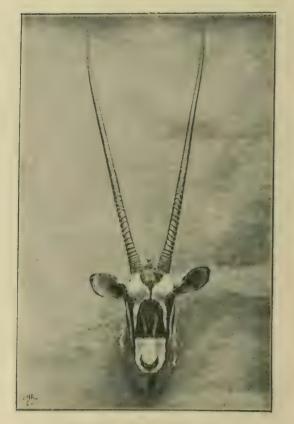
WILD DOG, NATA RIVER, 1884.

briefest form, but I'm afraid there's nothing specially interesting in what I have been able to tell you.'

"There I disagree, and, with your consent, I'm to ask a number of things arising out of what you have told me."



SKULL OF WHITE RHINOCEROS, MASHONALAND, 1880,



GEMSBOH, NATA RIVER, 1888.

"Very well; go on."

"Is elephant-hunting getting played out in South

"As a calling—as a means of making a living, I should certainly say that it is. The ivory which a hunter can bag nowadays in the parts of Africa where most of my hunting was done is not likely to be enough to repay him for his labour and expense. But if a man merely wants an amusement, there is still a certain amount of elephant-hunting to be had in certain portions of South Africa. On the Pungwe River, to take one district, there are still a good many elephants. Nobody not prepared for hard work need think of elephant-hunting in any part. When you have to chase the beasts for miles and miles on foot, it is very trying unless one is in good training."

"Ostrich-hunting, too, in South Africa is less profitable than it was?"

"Very much so. The competition of the farms where ostriches are reared has to all intents and purposes spoiled ostrich-hunting. This competition has so reduced prices that ostrich-hunting simply does not pay at all as it did. A wild cock ostrich, which would have brought the hunter £20 some years ago, would not bring him more than £5 now. Still, the feathers of the best ostrich killed wild are much more valuable than the feathers of the best tame ostrich."

"Speaking generally, how have you found the natives behave towards you in the course of your wanderings?"

"In quite a friendly manner, and only once—it was north of the Zambesi—did they interfere with me in any



KOODOO (STREPSICEROS KUDU) MACLOUTSIE RIVER. BECHUANALAND, 1890.

dangerous way. I have now a passable knowledge of some of the native dialects, and that has been of considerable use to me in going among the natives."

"Your opinion on Mashonaland and the country thereabout—will you tell it me?"

"Readily enough. I have a great opinion as to the future of South-Eastern Africa—as to the new country which is being opened up there. The climate is healthy, and the soil rich in many ways; and in fifty years, say, the country, I should take it, will be well filled by white folk."

I asked Mr. Selous if he had in Africa at the time, heard tell of Lord Randolph Churchill's most famous encounter with the lions. He said he had. Hans Lee, the huntsman who was with Lord Randolph, told him of the adventure as a distinctly lively one.

"There are still," commented Mr. Selous, "many lions in Mashonaland. Since the Chartered Company went into the country, the lions have killed nearly two hundred cattle and horses. The lions will go away north in rear of the big game, on which, bating an accessible domestic cow, they live."

In saying good-bye to Mr. Selous I offered him sympathy in the trial of our dreadful weather after the sun of Africa. At the moment the fog was playing hide-and-seek with the blinking, drunken gas-lights of the street outside.

"Oh, the weather doesn't bother me in the least," was what I got.

I came away envying this remarkable man his hunter's



LION, HANYANI RIVER, MASHONALAND, 1880.

constitution even more than I coveted his fine trophies of the hardily followed chase.

[Our Illustrations are from photographs by Mr. Eales, of Reading.]

Another disastrous shipwreck has taken place on the north-west coast of Spain. The Trinacria, an iron screwsteamer belonging to Messrs. Henderson Brothers (Anchor Line), of Glasgow, bound from that port to Naples, was driven ashore, on Feb. 8, at Cape Villano, forty-five miles from Corunna and twenty-five from Cape Finisterre, and was completely wrecked. There were four lady passengers on board, who, with about thirty of the crew, were drowned, and eight lives were saved.

A deputation of the Chambers of Commerce and the Law Societies of Manchester and Liverpool on Feb. 8 interviewed the Lord Chancellor in support of a Bill to establish a branch of the High Court of Justice, sitting at those towns alternately, for the trial of civil causes. The Lord Chancellor could not promise that this should be taken up as a Government measure of legislation; he remarked that Manchester and Liverpool have already four assizes in the year, but he thought some improvement could be made by fixing more regularly the days for holding the assizes.

In replying, on Feb. 8, to a deputation of the "Lord's Day Observance Society" and the "Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association" against the Sunday opening of public museums and picture-galleries, Mr. Arthur Acland, Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, said he did not entirely agree with them, although he felt it was undesirable to introduce the Continental habits of Sunday labour into England. He had seen the orderly manner in which the people visited the Birmingham Art Gallery, when opened on Sundays by the Town Council. He considered that this was a matter to be settled by the municipalities, with the approval of their constituents; and there was now a majority of the London County Council in favour of Sunday opening. With regard to the South Kensington Museum, it was necessary to have police and firemen there on Sundays, and the Sunday opening there would require only the employment of twenty additional policemen.

#### THE MYSTERY OF STYLE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In Atalanta, which one naturally buys for the sake of "David Balfour," there is an article by Mr. Watson on "The Mystery of Style." A mystery indeed it is, and a mystery Mr. Watson leaves it. What in the world do we mean by "style"? What is the Greek for style? What is the Latin for it? Had the ancients any word, or set of words, to express this idea, about which so much is written? We set up an unknown god called style, which we ignorantly worship. If one had to define style, one would probably define it as the best manner in which a thing can be done. There is style in fencing, style in golf, style in cricket: we know it when we see it. Grace combined with economy of effort goes far to make up style in these pastimes. There is a best way of attaining the ends aimed at, and that best way is natural to some people, not to others. Their movements are free, fluent, swift, classical, without eccentricity or stiffness, or over-exertion or flourish. Anyone who has seen Mr. Edward Lyttelton bat or Mr. Egerton Castle fence, or Ayton drive a ball at golf, has seen style. But nobody, perhaps, will maintain that the best style is always productive of the most valuable results. No man chooses Dr. Grace as a model of style at cricket, but it is he who gets the runs; and at other sports we find that style is by no means everything -that it does not make up for the want of a good eye and strong muscles; that these can do better without style than style can do without them. Thus, a person singularly gifted may do a thing not in the best way, yet better than it is done by others whose way is that of perfection.

Let us try the analogy in literature. Mr. Watson says, and many people say, that style is "the great antiseptic in literature, the most powerful preservative against decay." By "style" he means "a peculiarly distinguished air and carriage," wherein is recognised "serenity based on strength." This is all very interesting, but one doubts whether many authors have not escaped decay without possessing "style," thus understood. One might select Thucydides, Aristotle, and Tacitus as writers who, in Mr. Watson's formula, have "a style," but not style with a large S. The style of Thucydides is often akin to that of Mrs. Gamp. The style of Tacitus is not "serene": he is always jerking in an epigram. As for the style of Aristotle, to use one of Tacitus's epigrams, it is conspicuous by its absence. Yet all these authors are full of vitality, by dint of their strength, spirit, and wisdom. These are not the predominant qualities of Virgil, who does live by virtue of that undefinable style, by his lines and half-lines, which breathe in music unrivalled and unapproached all the desire and all the melancholy of human kind. He lives by his style, the others live in spite of theirs. Of course, Mr. Watson's proposition cannot be converted: he does not say that, because all which has style lives, all which lives has style, in his sense of the word. What that sense may be it is hard to understand. The Romans had more, he thinks, of the grand style than the Greeks. He cannot intend this to apply to their art: Roman art is only Graco-Romanan imitation, a scholar's work; and the same is true of their poetry and prose, and drama and religion. They did things on a bigger scale; they were better lawyers, fighting men, engineers, but to say that they were a people in a better style than the Greeks is to confess a taste for the ponderous. The Germans fall under Mr. Watson's centre! as having no style, or "if they have, it is a demmed style," as Mr. Mantalini would have said. But, surely, art apart, our Teutonic kin are in rather a grand style as so is, and so was, their Empire. When it comes to books, one must know German better than I do before offering an opinion. But as to Burns not having style, being indifferently well acquainted with his language, I cannot agree with Mr. Watson. It is an admirable Scotch style—the right word always in the right was a large piece of work a so is, and so was, their Empire. When it comes to books, one must know German better than I do before offering an opinion. But as to Burns not having style as the right was a large piece of work as it was a large piece of work and so is a large piece of work and so is a large piece of work and so is a large piece of work as a large piece of work and so is a large piece of word and so is a large piece of work and so is a large piece of word and so is a larg style—the right word always in the right place. On the other hand, the style of the Waverley Novels, except in Scotch and in dramatic dialogue, is, frankly, an unconsidered thing. Yet the novels do not seem to need this "antiseptic." They have vitality enough to do without it. Mr. Watson praises Mr. Ruskin's style. Is it serene? Is it "aristocratic"? Is it restrained? Ma foi! I doubt if that Corinthian eloquence will last long; if that rhetoric is an antiseptic; if that matter is stated in the best and simplest manner. So, too, of Milton, "admittedly and indisputably our highest summit in style." Milton's style is "an army with banners," always marching in a stately progress, adorned, as I think Mr. Lowell says, with the spoils of all antiquity, with trophies from ancient song and old civilisations. It is rich musical, studied song and old civilisations. It is rich, musical, studied, ornate, always advancing to a triumph, but who can put it above Shakspere's style, which is so flexible, so sweet, so full of change, so naturally adapted to each vicissitude, so prompt to rise, to fall, to glide, to murmur, to thunder, to ring like the clarion, to sigh like the lute, and yet is always so unstudied, so natural an expression of each moment's moods? Milton is not only an artist but he knows it and moods? Milton is not only an artist, but he knows it, and insists that you shall know it, with an eagerness most un-Virgilian, with a conscious insistence. You know whence he mined his gold, where he conquered his trophies, from what arbitals are the conquered his trophies, whence he mined his gold, where he conquered his tropmes, from what subject poets he levied his array; but you think of none of these things in reading Homer or in reading Shakspere. To prefer Milton is like preferring the Romans—an admirable poet, an extraordinary people, but neither in style nor in anything else the "roof and crown of things." They made great efforts, and you are conscious of their exertions; you even see to some extent as in Gibbon, how the thing is done. see, to some extent, as in Gibbon, how the thing is done. But how the thing was done by Shakspere and by the Greeks you cannot by searching find out: with them, not with Milton, is the real mystery of style.



"TEA AND SCANDAL"—BY GELHAY.
IN THE SALON DES CHAMPS ELYSÉES, 1892.

#### SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have lately been reading an account of what has been styled "a new medical discovery," hailing from Vienna. The account details certain experiments which were carried out with the view of inducing what is called "local anæsthesia"; or, in plain language, the abolition of sensation in any part or area of the skin-surface. It is stated that it has been demonstrated that by injecting pure water into the tissues, by means of an ordinary hypodermic syringe, sensation has been abolished in the parts operated on, while solutions of salt and sugar have been found to possess similar effects. I fancy an explanation (if any such thing be possible, and supposing the accounts have reached us are correct and given in good faith) may be found in the omission to record that the experi-ments in question were really hypnotic ones. I can perfeetly understand a person having a drop or two of pure water injected into his skin, and having this operation made the means of mesmeric "suggestion" that it would produce complete local insensibility in the part.

There appears to be quite a "boom" in ghosts and allied topics at the present time. Mr. W. T. Stead, the Rev. Mr. Haweis, and others, have been giving their experiences and views regarding the mysteries which they presume to environ and encompass us. Mr. Stead, I believe, is at present engaged in the practice of a practical telepathy, whereby, according to one account, he sits down, pen in hand, and finds something or other (called the "Intelligence," I think, for want of a better name) directs his hand to write of things whereof he himself knows nothing. Of course, the things thus recorded are found to have been happening elsewhere, so that this practice, habit, or gift, call it what we will, appears before us in the light of a system of personal telegraphy. If I am interpreting aright Mr. Stead's views and experiences, they sound wonderful appears I confess on when the sound wonderful appears I confess on when the sound wonderful appears to the sound wonderf enough, I confess, on paper; only science may very well be excused from accepting the reality of the phenomena on the bare statement of any one person. I say this much, without, of course, suggesting for a moment any tendency on the part of Mr. Stead or other professor of telepathy to exaggerate, far less deceive. We have all heard, however, of like things before, and I make bold to say that science will take no head of the alleged phenomena unless the professors thereof will consent to place themselves under conditions which admit of rigid tests being applied by way of first ensuring the reality of the details.

It is terribly easy to offer to science a whole series of marvels, and to taunt scientists with their inability to explain these wonders. What one is inclined to answer in such a case is to inquire whether any rational explanation is to come or may be expected from any other source? When the "telepathy," which influences from a great distance a man's brain and muscles to write of things and events of which he cannot possibly know anything, is brought under detailed scientific observation, and duly tested and examined, then we may find it worth while to debate seriously about "unknown forces" and "the suspension of the laws of matter." Besides, science itself has had not a little experience in the past of similar "marvels," and such experiences are not at all encouraging to those who may feel inclined to adopt the rôle of investigators. Spiritualistic mediums, as everybody knows, have figured in police-courts, the slate-writing trick has been duly exposed, the "levitation" of elderly ladies and the spiritforms which affected darkened rooms have been resolved into commonplace trickery not to be mentioned in the same breath with the art of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke. These past experiences, I say, do not encourage scientists in the attempt to accept the *ex cathedrâ* statements even of Mr. Stead without grave questioning and rigid examination. May I suggest that, in the interests of science, Mr. Stead should arrange with Mr. Maskelyne for a due testing of his powers in personal telegraphy? And may one add that the human brain is given on occasion to play so many tricks and phantasies that it is well, as a preliminary measure, to begin such investigations by clearly ascertaining that one is not simply deceiving oneself?

As for Mr. Haweis's views on "Ghosts," may I remind As for Ar. Hawels s views on "Ghosts," may I remind him, in turn, that it is extremely easy to be wise "after the event"? Is there anything more common in this world than wondrous stories of ghosts (and dreams), related years after the events, and utterly insusceptible of examination of rational and satisfactory kind? I complain that people will swallow such stories unreservedly and without question, and shake their heady and without question. plain that people will swallow such stories unreservedly and without question, and shake their heads, and talk about "more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," when, in other matters of life, they are hard-headed persons, desiring to "prove all things," or, at least, to have clear evidence laid before them prior to their accepting a given series of facts as true. Mr. Haweis speaks of ghost-photographs as realities. Well, I have in my possession the photograph of a friend still alive who appears as a ghost by the side of a friend, still alive, who appears as a ghost by the side of another friend, the spectral appearance being simply the result of a familiar photographic trick. Suppose anyone to be shown this photograph years hence, when the person was no longer living, what explanation of the ghost-photo would be given or received?

Mr. Haweis tells us of a lady who desired "in her own mind" that her father should appear (in the photograph) with an odd velvet cap which he wore during the last week of his sickness. She communicated this test to no one. "The ghost came out on the plate. The face and cap were unmistakable." Now, here is a case in point. I am tacitly asked to believe this story without being placed in possession of any further data than is contained in the above account. It would be interesting to get hold of that photograph, to submit it to the examination of experts, and to place the whole evidence before a jury of scientific men. There is trickery enough and to spare in the world to account for these and similar manifestations without assuming that men and women can be called back from the dead to pose for their photographs at the behest or desire of the living. As for ghost-seeing itself, that can be rationally explained on physiological data; but of this latter topic "more anon," as the old plays have it.

#### CHESS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

Mrs Gillam (Kensington).—The problem you submit is much too simple to be of use to us, and, in any case, would not have the suggested effect.

J F Moon.—Thanks for card and amended version. It shall be examined.

W David (St. Fagan's).—You may rely on your problem receiving a fair and careful consideration.

F SLIPPER (Madras).—We reciprocate your good wishes, and hope to hear of your restoration to health.

Beautify of Kansell.—Thanks; your problems shall be examined.

E G N (Tottenham).—The position is so obvious a win for White that we should have scarcely thought it necessary to submit it for our opinion.

E G N (Tottenham).—The position is so obvious a win for White that we should have scarcely thought it necessary to submit it for our opinion. Dr F St.—You would hold your opinion about problems even more strongly were you a chess editor.

R G B (Notting Hill).—Thanks.

Correct—Solltions of Problem No. 2539 received from O H B (Barkly East) and W F Slipper (Madras); of No. 2540 from R Syer (San José), O H B, and J M Dennett (San José), O H B, and J M Dennett; of No. 2541 from J M Dennett; of No. 2543 from Medicus (Philadelphia), O H B, and J M Dennett; of No. 2542 from J M Dennett; of No. 2543 from Medicus, S D Hill (Indian Orchard, Mass.), and A S Bertolct (Chicago); of No. 2545 from C E Perugnii and James Clark (Ghester); of No. 2546 from Vi (Turkey), John G Grant, James Clark, and J H Tamisier (Heppen); of No. 2547 from A E McC, James Clark, John G Grant, J D Tucker (Leeds), E Greig, Joseph T Pullen (Launceston) E G Boys, Odiham Club, J Ross (Whitley), Hallingbury J Meale (Mattishall), A Castellain, jun, A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), G Grier (Hednesford), P R Gibbs, E J Gibbs, W T B, Vi, Columbus, Captain J-A Challiec (Great Yarmouth), J W Blagg, P H Williams, John M Hobert (Crossgar), J D Taylor, and M A Eyre (Folkestone).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2548 received from Alpha, R H Brooks, Anglim, E G Boys, H S Brandreth, Martin F, Charles Burnett, M A Eyre, C E Perugini, W David (Cardiff), E Bygott (Sandbach), J D Tucker, H B Hurford, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Ignoramus, G Joicey, Julia Short (Exeter), Fr Fernando (Ghasgow), W Wright, B D Knox, G T Hughes (Waterford), Shadforth, T G (Ware), F J Knight, Bluet, J A S Barker, Victorino Aoiz y del Frago, E E H, Joseph Willeock (Chester), E Morris (Waterford), K Templar, Dawn, R Worters (Canterbury), W P Hind, W R Raillem, C M A B, J F Moon, W Guy, jun Johnstone), Sorrento (Dawlish), T Roberts, A Newman, G A Dierke, F Macartney (Ramsgate), J Coad, W T B, and J M K Lupton (Richmond).

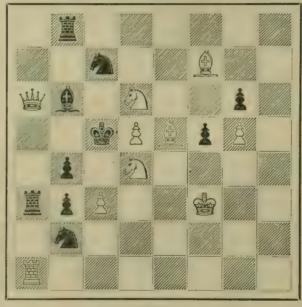
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2517 .- By G. K. ANSELL.

WHITE.

1. Q to K Kt 8th

2. Mates accordingly

PROBLEM No. 2550. By X. HAWKINS (Springfield, Missouri).



WHITE. White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN BIRMINGHAM. (Zukertort Opening.)

(Rev. J. O.)

1. Kt to K B 3rd

2. P to Q 4th

3. P to K 3rd

4. P to Q Kt 3rd

B to K 2nd
Castles
P to B 4th
Kt to Q B 3rd
Kt to Q Kt 5th 4.
5. B to Kt 2nd
6. B to Q 3rd
7. Castles
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd
9. B to K 2nd

One of the first principles of such variations is to retain the Bishops.

9. 10. P to Q R 3rd 11. B to Q 3rd 12. Q to K 2nd 13. P to B 4th 14. P to K Kt 4th 15. Q R to Q sq 16. Kt to K 5th 17. P takes Kt

It is not easy to see why this is preferred to the obvious P to B 3rd.

Grd.
Q R to Q sq
P to Q R 3rd
P to Q Kt 4th
Q to Kt 3rd
Q takes Kt
Q to B 2nd
R takes R
R to Q sq
Q takes R 19.
20. P to B 3rd
21. B to Kt sq
22. Kt to R 5th
23. Kt takes B
24. Q to K 3rd
25. K to Kt 2nd
26. R takes R
27. R takes R
28. P to B 4th
A clear overside

29. B to Q 3rd Q fake 30. Q to Kt 3rd Q to ( 31. B to K B sq Kt to 32. Q to B 3rd Q to ( White resigns.

#### CHESS IN NEW YORK.

The following fine game is one of four played simultaneously by Herr LASKER at the Hamilton Club, Brooklyn, New York.

WHITE
(Herr Lasker). (Prof. Raymond).
P to K 4th
Kt to K B 3rd
B to B 4th
P to Q Kt 4th
B takes P P to Q Kt of P to B 3rd P to Q 4th P takes P K to B sq piece.

9. Q to Kt 3rd Kt to Q R 4th 10. B takes P (ch) Kt akes B 11. Q to B 3rd Ktakes B 12. Q takes Kt P to Q 5rd 13. B to Kt 2nd 14. Q to B 3rd Q to Kt 3rd 14. Q to B 3rd Q to K B 4th 17. Kt to K 5th (ch) K to B sq Kt to K 5th (ch) K to B sq Kt to K 5th (ch) K to B 3rd Q. P to K Kt 4th Clearly, if Kt takes P, Kt takes Kt, and Black cannot retake at once owing to the threatened mate at Kelh Q to Gib. | Q, to K B 4th | K to B sq | B to Q 3rd | K to K B 3rd | 30. K to K t 2nd | 31. K to R 2nd | 32. Q takes B | 33. R to K t 4th | 34. B takes P (ch) | 4th | position appear | 36. Q takes R (ch) |

WHITE BLACK
(Herr Lasker), (Prof. Raymond),
dangerous for White; but Mr. Lasker has
calculated all to a nicety.

Kt takes P
B to Q 2nd
Q takes Kt (at
Kt 4th)
Q to K B 4th
P to K Kt 4th 23. P to K R 3rd 24. R to K 3rd pe for the King, and terpose the Bishop t to B 3rd comes. It at at present Black's

25. R to K B 3rd
26. B to R 3rd (ch)
27. Kt takes B
28. R to Kt sq (ch)
Black's moves are a B to B 5th K to Kt 2nd P takes Kt

Black's moves are all forced from this oint, and the finish is remarkably good. is remarkably good.

K to R 3rd
B to Kt 4th (ch)
B to B 3rd
B takes R
Q R to K B sq
K R to Kt sq
R to Kt tth
Q takes B
and wins.

A first-class even tournament will be commenced at Simpson's Divan on Monday, Feb. 27. The players entered include Messrs. Blackburne, Bird, Gunsberg, Mason, Tinsley, and Van Vliet.

The West London Chess Club has now found excellent accommodation at the Holland Park Club, 3, Norland Place, W., where it meets on Monday and Thursday evenings.

#### THE LADIES' COLUMN. BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Though the Princess of Wales refused to make a formal declaration against crinoline, her opinion has now been given in an even more emphatic manner than in words. Her Royal Highness is having several dresses prepared for her yachting tour, and before deciding on the styles she ordered a sample of a wide skirt stiffened with buckram to be sent to her for trial. It was returned to the maker with the information that her Royal Highness disliked it and declined to adopt it. Her new walking dresses are all being made, therefore, of moderate width, and unstiffened. It is to be remembered that she has endured the inconveniences of the crinoline in old days; the picture of her wedding that was seen in the Victorian Exhibition showed her Royal Highness and all her attendant train in tub-like skirts of huge dimensions.

Mrs. Stannard, who started an "Anti-Crinoline League," has obtained at least two important recruits in the persons of the young Duchess of Montrose and Mrs. Langtry. The latter lady has considerable influence on dress. I fear that she cannot stem the tide of fashion (for even the Princess sance cannot stem the the of rashion (for even the Frincess cannot—as the reign of high bonnets while H.R.H. held faithful to close ones showed) if it sets strongly in one direction; but, on the other hand, if Mrs. Langtry should adopt any new mode it is greatly helped on to popularity thereby. In hairdressing, a new style worn by her on the stage is generally followed. The Anti-Crinoline League has been a rapid success, so far as numbers are concerned. Over ten thousand ladies sent in their names in a few weeks as pledging themselves to "do all in their power to resist the introduction of crinoline."

Some men, I find, are moved to much scorn at the notion of a league being needful, or at women saying, as many do, that they hope the crinoline will not "come in," as if it does they must wear it. But the tyranny of fashion is truly so overpowering that to follow it when it is once thoroughly established and received almost amounts to an obligation. It is not merely that a person standing out against a fashion is stared at and commented on in all public places, though this alone, to ladies who are not used to it, is an affliction. It is not only that the wearer of dress not in the fashion is aware that she is suspected of not knowing how "the movement" is going; or that she is supposed to be wearing old clothes when they are, in fact, new ones; or that the richest and most artistic clothing made in a bygone style strikes on the eye as (the fatal fault) "dowdy." All this is bad; but there is more than all this. I know, for I have systematically and always endured the misery of doing my hair without any artificial additions, and to suit my own mind and looks, and not the moment's fashion; and I will tell you, my dear "Constant Reader," in confidence, that no unpopular opinions that I have supported, no forward steps that I have helped to make, have cost me the actual suffering that I have endured from wearing my hair without regard to the dictates of fluctuating fashion!

All other arrangements are made to fit in with the prevailing fashion, whatever it may be. If you do not follow the multitude in hairdressing, for instance, you cannot get a bonnet shape that will sit square and comfortably on the head. Huge mountains of false hair on top of the head sometimes, casual projections of it over the brow or the occiput at others, have been provided for in fashion-able bonnets, and the few women who have steadily refused to wear any hair but what grew on their own heads know the Martyrdom of Nonconformity in Fashion—the pins that run in, the weights that have no point of support, the shapes too long, or too broad, or too round to sit taut and snapes too long, or too broad, or too round to sit taut and steady—oh, I assure you it is not a joke by any means! So it will be if crinoline is allowed to become "the fashion." The articles of dress, such as mantles, usually bought ready-made, that must be worn with the full skirt, will all be modified to suit it; the trimmings will all be constructed to adorn it; and, not to go into deeper details, every woman well understands that it will be practically impressible for the average wayners to receive the fashion if it fairly comes. We can all do our little part, however, as our Princess has done hers, to keep it away, to nip it in the bud, to quarantine it, and stamp it out before the microbe gains a full footing in our midst—and so let us do! so let us do!

The new coins are to have a more accurate likeness of the Queen than the Jubilee ones; but it is to be noted that the miniature imperial crown represented by Sir E. Boehm on the royal head is what her Majesty actually wears on state occasions, and not the coronet that is to be put on the new coins. The latter doubtless lends itself better to treatment as a numismatic adornment; but any woman may wear such a tiara: none other than the Sovereign may don the crown imperial. The motto which is to be put round the new crown pieces, on the outer edge, means "For use and ornament," and it is an interesting fact that it is precisely the motto which Washington's mother had on her dinner-service. A specimen plate is still preserved in his country, and is to be shown at Chicago.

Why did the Dean of Westminster refuse leave to a party of harmless enthusiasts to put memorial wreaths on the Queen than the Jubilee ones; but it is to be noted that

party of harmless enthusiasts to put memorial wreaths on the tomb of Mary Queen of Scots on the anniversary of her death? Not because she was a Catholic, for the Dean permits pilgrimages of an extensive character to gather in the Abbey on the day of Edward the Confessor. It is curious that the fascination of Mary Stuart's personality should subsist so long. A more real tribute to her eternal power to charm than wreaths on her tomb is the announcement of the price of Mr. Skelton's new book about her. It is to contain reproductions of all the principal portraits of her that exist, and the édition de luxe is to sell at no less a sum than eight guineas.

Though Parliament has given a married woman control over her own property and earnings, the laws about the married partnership, from a pecuniary point of view, are still far from satisfactory. Two important decisions on it have just been given. One judge has held that if a woman spend her own money on supplying necessaries to her household, it is not to be regarded as money advanced to her husband, in the absence of a definite engagement to repay it on his part. Another holds that if husband and

wife invest money made by them in a joint business in their joint names, the husband alone can use the income

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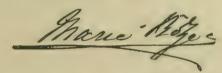
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#### NEW MUSIC.

As usual, the pile of new music sent to us for review is so large that we find it impossible to look at the whole. Turning first to the publications of Novello, Ewer, and Co., we note a song by A. C. Mackenzie entitled "Dormi, Jesu" (the Virgin's cradle hymn). It is an exquisite lullaby in E major (with violin or 'cello obbligato), very gentle and sweet, and altogether worthy of its talented composer. Praise may be also ungrudgingly bestowed upon Herbert U. Wareing's "At the Sign of the Golden Bell" (words by Druid Grayl), a baritone song with a capital swing and an irresistible "Ding, dong" refrain. "Better for Both," by Courtenay Thorpe, has a plaintive yet pleasing melody, but there is just a trifle of monotony in the treatment. A book of seven charming songs, mostly for the medium voice, by J. Stainer, will be received with welcome. To organ students we can recommend "Twelve Original Voluntaries" (second set), by Oliver King, which are musicianly and attractive; and six good pieces by E. Townsend Driffield, which make capital additions to "Original Compositions for the Organ," Nos. 153 to 158.

From Chappell and Co. we have one song of Tosti's, a simple, graceful ballad, entitled "Let Love Awake," words by Arthur Chapman. A dainty and fairly easy valse de salon is "Au Printemps," by Francis Thomé; while seekers after pretty dance music should find what they require in P. Bucalossi's admirable arrangements of the "Haddon Hall" music and Norfolk Megone's agreeable polka, "Pierrot."

Two songs by Frederic II. Cowen first attract attention amid a batch of new pieces from Metzler and Co. "Love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?" a setting of Longfellow's words, is a poetic soprano or tenor song with a plaintive, expressive melody in a minor key. Mr. Cowen's admirers may, however, prefer his original and beautiful setting of "The sea hath its pearls," also written for high voices. An excellent baritone song is II. Bemberg's "The Warrior and the Maiden," while praise may also be given to J. Spawforth's simple ballad, "I need no gift of thine." The words of both are by Henry Rose. We like the late Alfred Cellier's setting of "Crossing the Bar," dedicated, by-the-way, to II.R.II. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne: it is full of dignity and power. A marvellous shilling's-worth is Metzler's "Vocal Album" for 1892, containing nine songs and three duets by popular composers. Organists will do well to possess themselves of No. 20 of the American Organ Journal.

The best of the latest songs from E. Ascherberg and Co. is "Love's Vigil," by Albert Rhodes. It has a taking melody and attractive style, but will only suit singers with high voices. "Golden Light," words by Otto Argent, music by Alban Keighley, is also written to suit popular taste, but is rather commonplace. "My Cigarette," by Richard Barnard, cannot boast originality, though it has a good swing. "The Irish Parliament" is a clever humorous song, words by W. J. R. Cowell, music by Mervain Helmore. A "Fan Dance," by John Crook, and a "Quaker

Dance," by Meyer Lutz, are pretty, bright pieces. This firm also sends us the score of John Crook's music of the latest Drury Lane pantomime.

We have received from B. Williams an artistic, well-written "Cradle Song," by Gerard Cobb, words by G. Hubi Newcombe, which should please the most fastidious. "The Bridge of Time," by G. A. Binnie and W. M. Hutchison, is tuneful but lacking in spontaneity. "The Old Village Smithy," by Michael Watson, is more original, and makes a capital bass song. A bright little ditty with a taking refrain is "A Fisher Lad and Lassie," by James Wilkie and Emlie L. Hawkins. "Ohone a rie," by Frederic Mullen, is effectively written, but we prefer Mr. Mullen's pianoforte compositions. His "Norwegian Dances" are charming, and so is his "Valse de Concert," the latter, however, being somewhat difficult. We also like a graceful dance entitled "The Old Château," by John Abram, Mus. Doc.; a good valse called "Rève Accompli"; "Souvenirs de Venise"; and a polka-mazurka fantaisie by le Comte E.

We note a book of "Four Vocal Duets," words by Theo Marzials, music by Halfdan Kjerulf, from Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co. These are intended for two sopranos, and are all so exquisitely written that it is difficult to say which is the pretiest. The first, "Oh! hush," will probably be liked most; it is full of grace and melodic charm. "Boating" also teems with delicate fancy, and "Birdsong" is as dainty and light as it can be. An unpretending tuneful song is "The dawn of love," by L. Denza. "Fettered," by the same composer (words by G. Hubi Newcombe), is more elaborate and effective. Frank L. Moir has done full justice to Ellis Walton's pretty verses in "Love's Golden Time," and another pretty song is "Henceforth," by Charles Deacon. From the pen of Arthur Desmond we have a good "Valse-Caprice" for piano in the Chopinesque style. Pieces to be commended to rather advanced violin-players are A. Simonetti's "Mazurka" and Otto Cantor's "Song without words," both of which have piano accompaniments. A book of songs by Kjerulf arranged for voice and guitar by Frank Mott Harrison reaches us from the same publishers.

First and foremost among the latest vocal publications of Enoch and Sons come three songs by the talented young French composer, Mdlle. Chaminade. It would be flattery to call "Ritournelle," "Amoroso," and "Tu me dirais" original, but, on the other hand, they are instinct with poetic feeling and really exquisite examples of the French school. Mdlle. Chaminade writes perfectly for the voice, and herein lies her success. No amateur could desire better than to listen to her passionate, melodious songs—sung, of course, as they deserved to be. "She Stoops to Conquer" (No. 3 of "Fables in Song"), by Frederic E. Weatherly and Joseph L. Rocckel, is quaint and pleasing. "Voices of the Angels," by H. Lane Wilson, is gentle yet effective; and "Sometimes," by Stanley Forbes (words by G. Hubi Newcombe), is taking, too, though a little conventional.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

One would fain believe that something effective will be done to relieve clerical poverty. There are 1400 livings in the Church of England under £100, and one-third of all livings now (so it is stated by a very competent authority, Prebendary Salmon) are under £200. There is no hope, save in an appeal to the laity. The proposal that dignitaries should submit to a tax upon their incomes is very far from practical. Their incomes are in many cases much too small: when they are large the claims upon them are, as a rule, very heavy. Dr. Chalmers' Sustentation Fund has been a triumphant success among Presbyterians. It was stated in the Lower House that Presbyterian ministers had an average stipend of £317 a year.

The Archbishop of York has been defending his position on evening Communion. He has declined to take the ground that forenoon Communion has all along been enforced in accordance with the rule of fasting reception. Fasting reception, of course, would make evening Communion impossible. The Archbishop maintains that working men and servant-girls will come to receive the Communion at from six to eight in the morning, and he thinks there is danger in encouraging a lax and indolent spirit in worship.

The Guardian thinks that a majority of the Welsh people are in favour of the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, but that this cannot justify the treatment of the Church of England piecemeal.

It will be remembered by the admirers of Mr. Mackonochie, of St. Alban's, that when he was found dead in the wilds of Mamore Forest two dogs remained as faithful sentinels over the body for two days among the snow. One of these dogs, named "Righ," has just died. He was the property of the Bishop of Argyll, and one of Cameron of Lochiel's fine breed of deerhounds.

Bishop Phillips Brooks, it seems, died of diphtheria. He was said to have left an unexpectedly large fortune, but this turns out to be untrue. A very interesting and discriminating "appreciation" of this famous American preacher has appeared in the Westminster Gazette. It was from the pen of the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P.

The Western Mail, a leading Conservative organ, has sent a special commissioner to Ireland to investigate the results of Disestablishment. The commissioner thinks that these have been beneficial, and advises that Conservatives should accept the policy of Disestablishment for Wales. The Church Times says that this teaches the impossibility of putting trust in any political party, and the duty of Churchmen combining in an association free from politics.

The Dean of Denver Cathedral, an Irishman, has been warring against Sunday theatres, with the result that about 5000 ejected theatre-goers went one Sunday to his house. No doubt they were bent on an interview. The Dean had been warned, and made his escape. But the mob was not dispersed without much difficulty and the breaking of some heads.



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#### MUSIC.

MUSIC.

The late Arthur Goring Thomas's opera "The Golden Web" was to be produced by the Carl Rosa Company at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, on Wednesday, Feb. 15. Not a day too soon, one would naturally feel inclined to say, considering how lengthy a period has elapsed since this work first came under public notice as an approaching novelty. But, if the truth be known, there has been good cause for the delay, and, so far as we can see, no one in particular can be held responsible for it. Most operas have "a history"—a sort of preliminary career preceding the natural existence that begins with their production. Well, the history of "The Golden Web" has been somewhat curious. It started with the moment when Mr. Frederic Corder submitted to the late Carl Rosa a libretto dealing with the started with the moment when Mr. Frederic Corder submitted to the late Carl Rosa a libretto dealing with the subject of "Fleet marriages." This was so long ago as the spring of 1887, and the astute impresario was not slow to perceive that the subject in question had many picturesque attributes, and might be made the groundwork of a very interesting opera. It was, perhaps, a trifle odd that Mr. Corder himself did not want to set the libretto to music; but, after all, the fate of "Nordisa," just a year before is sufficient explanation of this. Anylibretto to music: but, after all, the fate of "Nordisa," just a year before, is sufficient explanation of this. Anyhow, Carl Rosa thought of his old protégé and friend, Goring Thomas, showed him the book, and before the spring was out had given him a definite commission to write the opera. It should be noted that when these events took place there was not the slightest idea on the late manager's part of forming a light opera company; that project was not carried out until the summer of the following year. Consequently, had Goring Thomas finished "The Golden Web" in the meantime, it would, in all probability, have been first performed by the regular grand opera troupe. It was not finished, however, and the intention was accordingly formed of producing it at the intention was accordingly formed of producing it at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. First it was to follow "Paul Jones," and then, when there was found to be no part in it suitable for Miss Agnes Huntington, it was to be mounted after Planquetto's "Captain Thérèse." Suddenly, in the midst of the run of "Paul Jones" (April 1889), Carl Rosa's death occurred, and thereupon events shaped themselves in such fashion that his scheme could not be exprised out.

A long interval now took place before "The Golden Web" again came upon the tapis; and so discouraged was the composer (apart from his being busy with the revision of his "Esmeralda") that he did not hurry on the completion of the score, which thus remained unfinished, as regards some of the orchestration, at the moment of his untimely

decease last year. Arrangements were pending for the production of "The Golden Web" in London in the winter of 1890, and it became bruited about that the libretto was founded on Messrs. Besant and Rice's well-known novel, "The Chaplain of the Fleet." This came to Mr. Besant's ears, and he, having already assigned the dramatic rights in his book, naturally interfered to protect the property of his assignees. It has been stated that litigation ensued between the parties, but that is wholly inaccurate. The Carl Rosa Company gave every assurance that there was no desire to infringe the author's rights, and in due course a perfectly friendly arrangement was arrived at. The negotiations took time, though, and when everybody had been satisfied the opportunity for then presenting the opera in London had passed away. Thus likely the cores about through sheer force of circumstances. did it come about, through sheer force of circumstances, that neither impresario nor composer lived to see "The Golden Web" upon the stage. Thus, moreover, it hapthat neither impresario nor composer lived to see "The Golden Web" upon the stage. Thus, moreover, it happened that the opera was ultimately taken in hand by the troupe for which it was written. But not quite in its original form. The directors of the company deemed it advisable to strengthen the libretto, and they placed it for that purpose in the hands of Mr. B. C. Stephenson, who has entirely rewritten the dialogue, while retaining Mr. Corder's lyrics. The task of completing the "scoring" has been carried on by Mr. S. P. Waddington, the present holder of the Mendelssohn scholarship, who may be trusted to have done his work with the fullest regard for the composer's intentions. We shall take another opportunity of dealing with "The Golden Web" and the Liverpool performance. For the moment suffice it to say that the story is fairly replete with interest, while the music, from first to is fairly replete with interest, while the music, from first to last, is tuneful and engaging in the extreme.

Nothing whatever is yet decided with reference to the production of "Falstaff" in London this season. Sir Augustus Harris has arranged with Messrs. Ricordi and Co. to mount the new opera at Covent Garden, but we have reason to believe that he has not bound himself down to do so this year. On the other hand, the success achieved at Milan is so brilliant and extraordinary that he may feel inclined to strike the iron while it is hot, and let other things give way, in order to make room for Verdi's comic masterpiece. The question whether "Falstaff" stands the same chance of popularity in the land of Shakspere as in Italy should not be answered lightly. There are many pros and cons to be argued, and even the nicest calculations may be upset in a matter of this kind. All we know now is that Boïto's libretto is marvellously clever, and that the music is a triumph of freshness and ingenuity. Judging from the language of the "special correspondents" and a perusal of the vocal

score (which, together with the pianoforte score, is now published by Messrs. Ricordi), we should not wonder if "Falstaff" created a sensation here. The real problem, which time alone can solve, is how long the sensation will

The reception of Dr. Joachim on his making his first appearance this season at the Popular Concerts (Monday, Feb. 13) was worthy of the occasion. St. James's Hall reb. 13) was worthy of the occasion. St. James's Hair was crammed, and the utmost enthusiasm was displayed throughout the evening. The great violinist looked wonderfully well, and his magnificent playing in the "Rasoumowsky" quartet, No. 3, gave gratifying proof of the undiminished grandeur of his powers. To say this is to say virtually all that is requisite for amateurs who know in what noble attributes the genius of Joachim consists. We need not enter into details. To describe minutely the set with which he led the Beethoven and Hardin quartets. art with which he led the Beethoven and Haydn quartets. or the perfection of style and beauty of expression that marked his rendering for the thousandth time of the adagio marked his rendering for the thousandth time of the adaglo from Spohr's eleventh concerto, would be wholly superfluous. It should be mentioned, though, that Dr. Joachim introduced for the first time at the "Pops" a charming capriccio by Gade, which pleased the audience immensely, and was followed by the inevitable encore—an unaccompanied movement from one of Bach's violin works.

The inhabitants of Iceland, who have suffered extreme distress in the winters of several past years, now show a general desire to emigrate to British North America. The Manitoba Provincial Government of the Canadian Dominion has arranged to receive two thousand of those

St. Frideswide's Mission House and Club for Girls, in Lodore Street, Poplar, erected at the cost of Miss Catherine Phillimore, in connection with the Christ Church, Oxford, Mission, was opened by Mrs. Gladstone on Saturday. Feb. 11. The Rev. Canon Carter, Warden of Clewer, and the Rev. H. L. Paget, Vicar of St. Pancras, were the clergymen assisting.

The British East Africa Company's resident agent at Kismayu, Mr. Todd, with his assistant, Mr. Farrant, and Count Lavatelli, have had a severe conflict with a party of Count Lavatelli, have had a severe conflict with a party of native Somalis, who made a treacherous attack on the Europeans. Mr. Todd was badly wounded. The attack was repulsed; H.M.S. Widgeon bombarded the town, and Mr. Rennell Rodd, acting Consul-General, arrived in H.M.S. Philomel from Zanzibar, and took measures to subdue the revolt. Sir Gerald Portal, on Jan. 28, was well on his way to Uganda.

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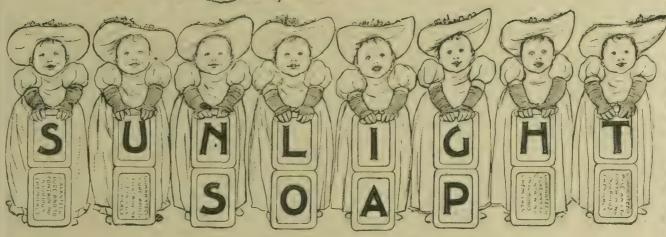


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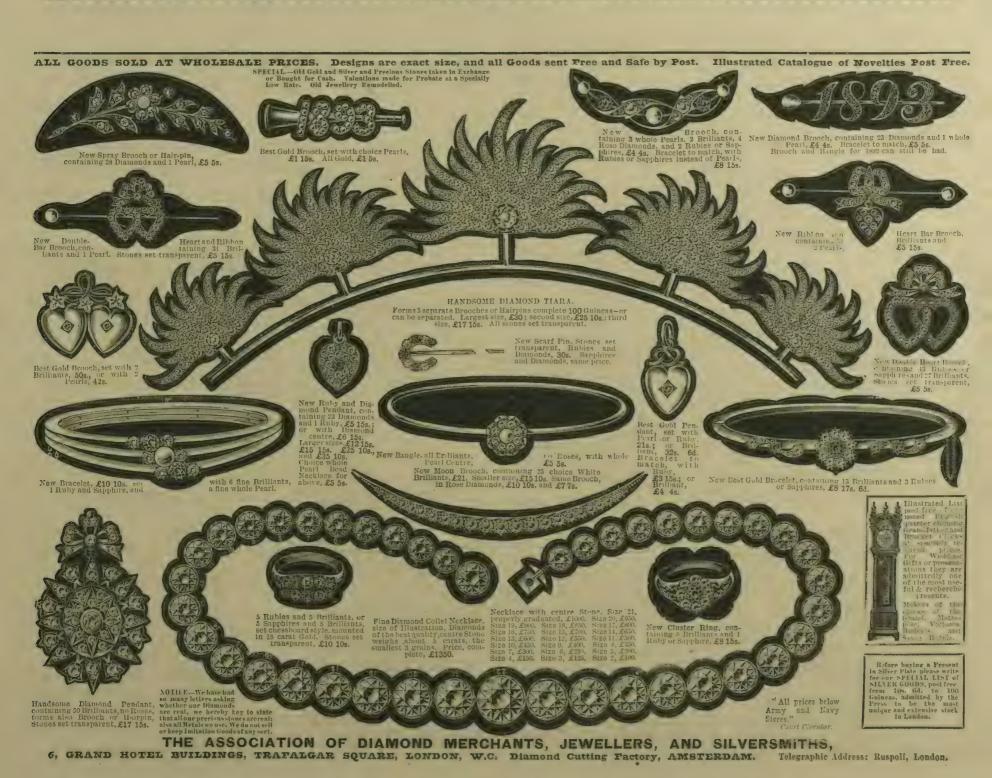
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1890), with four codicils (dated Jan. 16 and 26, and two May 4, 1891), of Mr. Samuel Henry Thompson, late of Thingwall Hall, Broad Green, Laneashire, who died on Dec. 17, was proved at the Liverpool District Registry on Jan. 27 by Henry Yates Thompson, the Rev. Samuel Ashton Thompson Yates, and Richard Heywood Thompson, the sons, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £1,134,000. The testator bequeaths all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, household goods and effects, horses, carriages, and live and dead stock, £10,000, and £3000 per annum, for life, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson; he confirms their marriage settlement, and states that the bequests to and provisions made for his wife are in addition to what she is entitled to under the settlement. He also bequeaths £75,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mary Elizabeth Bright, Margaret Emma Luckcock, and Anna Maria Thompson; £25,000 each to his four younger sons, Samuel Ashton, Yates George Rodie, Edward Philips, and Richard Heywood; and some legacies to his own and his wife's relatives. The Thingwall estate, subject to a right given to his wife to occupy the Hall for twelve months, he devises to his cldest son, Henry Yates. The residue of his property he gives to his five sons.

The will (dated June 18, 1892) of Mr. John Brodrick Dale, J.P., of Cleadon Meadows, South Shields, banker, who died on Dec. 13, was proved in the Durham District Registry on Jan. 16 by the executors, his three sons, T. Tinley Dale, Brodrick Dale, and C. W. Mitcalfe Dale, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £101.587 1s. 6d. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £300 to the widow of his eldest son, John Henry. He leaves £250 to each of his four daughters, Mary Agnes Crosthwaite, Edith Isabel Dale, Ruth Naomi Church, and Ethel Dale, and settles upon each of them £9500 in addition to what they receive under the settlement on his marriage with his late wife, Agnes Sarah. He directs that his residence, Cleadon Meadows, may be maintained at the expense of his estate for the benefit of his unmarried daughters, in the discretion of his executors. After making some other bequests, he devises his real estate and gives the residue of his personalty to his three sons, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1889) of Mr. George Acland Ames, late of the Union Club, Trafalgar Square, and 28, Marlborough Hill, who died on Jan. 5, was proved on Feb. 1 by Frederick Ames and Alfred Ames, the brothers, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £39,000. The testator bequeaths all his books, pictures, manuscripts, unpublished papers, and jewellery, including his Masonic and other jewels and badges, to his son, John Carlowitz; and £100 to each of his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves equally between his children John Carlowitz,

Thekla Florence, Francesca Beatrice, and Marie Mildred. He confirms his marriage settlement, and declares that the provision made by his will for his children is in addition thereto and not in substitution thereof.

The will (dated June 18, 1886) of Miss Maria Lucas, late of Burfield Priory, Westbury-on-Trym, Gloucestershire, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on Jan. 25 by the Rev. George Forris Whidborne, the nephew, and Miss Rosa Lucy Whidborne and Miss Alice Maria Whidborne, the nieces, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testatrix devises all her real estate in the counties of Gloucester and Northampton, and at Battle Bridge or elsewhere in the parish of St. Pancras, to her said nephew, subject to five perpetual rent-charges of £100 each, to commence from the death of her sister, Eliza Mary Rushforth, which she gives to her nicces, Rosa Lucy Whidborne, Anna Eliza Elverson, Alice Maria Whidborne, Constance Mary Whidborne, and Ada Frances Whidborne. All her household furniture and effects she bequeaths to her said nephew; the cash in the house and at her bankers' to her said nephew and five nieces; and two or three other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her five nieces, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 14, 1889) of Miss Emily Clagett, formerly of 79A, Elizabeth Street, Eaton Square, and late of 218, Adelaide Road, Hampstead, who died on Jan. 3, was proved on Jan. 31 by Robert Heale Gamlen and James Trower, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £16,000. The testatrix bequeaths £300 to the Church Extension Association, 27, Kilburn Park Road, to be equally divided between the Girls' Orphanage, Kilburn, Lady Adelaide's Home, and the Broadstairs Convalescent Home; £50 each to the Surgical Aid Society and the Children's Hospital, Paddington Green; and some other legacies. As to the residue of her property, she leaves one third to John Alexander Shaw Mackenzie; one third, upon trust, for her sister Louisa Day Whichcote, for life and then for her children, and one third upon trust for her niece Rosa Julia Clagett, one third thereof, upon trust for her niece Rosa Julia Clagett, one third upon trust for her niece Lucy Frances Chapman, and one third to be divided between the Provident Surgical Appliances Society, 28, Finsbury Circus, the Children's Hospital, Paddington Green, Miss Robinson's Soldiers' Institute, Portsmouth, the National Hospital for Heart Disease and Paralysis, 32, Soho Square, the London Fever Hospital, Islington, the North-West London Nasociation. Some of the said charities also take further contingent reversionary interests.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1892) of Mr. William Charles Asquith, late of 8, East Parado, Colne, Lancashire, who died on Dec. 6, was proved on Jan. 6 by Mrs. Jane Asquith, the widow, Richard Hornshaw, James

Smallpage, and William Edward Coar, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £16,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Victoria Hospital, Burnley, and the Methodist Chapel, Colne; £50 to St. Bartholomew's Church, Colne; his furniture and effects to his wife; and many legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his own nephews and nieces, except Maria Booth.

The will of Dame Georgina Rivers Thompson, late of 27, Evelyn Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Dec. 13, was proved on Feb. 4 by Mrs. Ruth Rivers Bosanquet and Miss Rachel Mary Rivers Thompson, the daughters, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4827.

A shocking disaster took place on Feb. 9 at Dover, New Hampshire, in the United States. The county lunatic asylum, a wooden building, was burnt down, and fortyfour of the unhappy inmates perished.

Later orders from the War Office have altered the arrangements of the additional British troops in Egypt. The 1st Battalion Royal Highlanders (Black Watch), already sent there, goes on to Mauritius and the Cape; the 2nd South Staffordshire Regiment, from Malta, takes its place in Egypt, where the garrison will consist of six infantry battalions, double its former strength.

A new British expedition is being organised to reach the North Pole by way of Franz Josef Land, the island of unknown magnitude in the Arctic Ocean north of Siberia, beyond Spitzbergen, discovered by the Austrian expedition of Lieutenants Payer and Weyprecht twenty years ago, and subsequently visited by Mr. Leigh Smith in his yacht Eira. Mr. F. G. Jackson, F.R.G.S., undertakes to conduct the expedition in the summer of this year.

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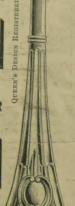
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#### OBITUARY.

THE REV. SIR FREDERICK LAUD ROBINSON, BART.



The Rev. Sir Frederick Laud Robinson, of Cranford, sir Frederick Laud Robinson, of Cranford, in the county of Northampton, ninth baronet, J.P., died on Feb. 6. He was the son of the Rev. Sir George Robinson, and was born June 28, 1843. He married, in 1870, Madeleine Caroline, eldest daughter of Mr. Frederick Sartoris, of Rushden Hall, Northamptonshire. He succeeded his brother Aug. 10, 1877. Since 1870 he had been Rector of Cranford. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his son, Frederick Villiers Laud Robinson, who was born Dec. 4, 1880. born Dec. 4, 1880.

#### SIR CHARLES WATHEN.

Sir Charles Wathen, one of the most prominent citizens of Bristol, on Feb. 14. At the meeting of the Bristol Town Council he had moved a resolution with reference to the proposed industrial exhibition in Bristol, and was preparing to reply to the discussion, when he fell back in his seat and died in a few minutes. Sir Charles Wathen had been Mayor of Bristol six times. He had taken a most active part in magisterial work and in every enterprise which had for its magisterial work and in every enterprise which had for its object the welfare and advancement of the city and port. He was knighted in 1889.

SIR JOHN ARMINE MORRIS, BART. Sir John Armine Morris, of Clasemont, in the county of

Glamorgan, D.L., third baronet, died on Feb. 8. He was born July 13, 1813, and married Catherine, daughter of Mr. Ronald MacDonald, in 1847. She died March 16, 1890. He succeeded his father in 1855. Sir John is succeeded by his eldest son, Robert Armine Morris, who was born July 27, 1848. He was major in the Welsh Regiment, and married Feb. 12, 1885, Lucy Augusta, daughter of Mr. Thomas Cory, of Nevill Court, Tunbridge Wells, and has four daughters.

SIR CHARLES E. LEWIS, BART.



Sir Charles Edward Lewis, of Hyde Park Gate, Kensington, in the county of Middlesex, J.P., first baronet, in the county of Middlesex, J.F., first baronet, died on Feb. 10. He was the third son of the Rev. George W. Lewis, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and was born Dec. 25, 1825, and married, April 1, 1850, Isabella, daughter of Mr. Richard Annesley Ellison, of Bristol. He represented Londonderry, in the Conservative interest, from 1872 to 1886, and North Antrim from 1887 to 1892. He was created a baronet in 1887. Latterly he had participated in political movements with a lessened

interest to that which distinguished the earlier part of his Parliamentary career.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Charles J. Orton, who had served the London Corporation as sworn Attorney of the Mayor's Court and Clerk of Inrollments in the Court of Hustings since 1848, on Feb. 6, aged seventy-five.

Mr. George Mathews Whipple, superintendent of the Kew Observatory since 1876, on Feb. 8, aged fifty.

Mr. John F. McCarthy, M.P. for Mid-Tipperary on Feb. 8, aged thirty. He had only represented the constituency since the General Election.

The Rev. Dr. T. Campbell Finlayson, of Rusholme Congregational Church, Manchester, on Feb. 7, aged

Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Baker, K.C.B., Quarter-master-General since 1890, on Feb. 9, aged fifty-five.

Mr. Louis J. Jennings, M.P. for Stockport since 1885, on Feb. 9, aged fifty-six.

The Rev. F. O. Morris, the well-known writer on natural history, and author of many works dealing with birds, on Feb. 10.

Canon Eastwood, who was at one time incumbent of St. Peter's Cathedral, Pietermaritzburg, aged sixty-two.

#### AN EMINENT SCULPTOR.

ED. LANTERI, Esq., of Oakley Cottage, 1, Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea, writes, Jan. 17, 1893, to Mr. C. B. HARNESS, President of the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W., as follows: "I wish to confirm the verbal expression to you to-day of the great benefit your Electropathic Roll, has been in your case. I have now had experience of its Belt has been in my case. I have now had experience of its use for something like three years, and it has relieved me after I had tried all other remedies and given up medicine as hope-I had tried all other remedies and given up medicine as hopeless. I adopted your treatment without much faith, being very disappointed at not having got well by the other methods employed, and thought probably yours would fail also, but was agreeably surprised to find myself restored to perfect health. I may also express my appreciation of your electric treatment departments, and the many perfect appliances and instruments used therein, which, as you are well aware, and it is superfluous for me to tell you, are nowhere equalled; and having some knowledge of the Salpêtrière Hospital, and Drs. Charcot and Vigoreux, Paris, and its electrical appointments, I may be allowed to give an opinion. I shall be glad to communicate with anyone you may refer to me, to whom I can conscientiously explain not only the value of the electropathic appliances, but of electrical freatment." appliances, but of electrical treatment."

#### A GENERAL'S EXPERIENCE.

Major-General A. L. Playfair, H.M.'s Indian Army (retired), 44, Cambridge Terrace, W., writes, Nov. 24, 1892, to Mr. Harness as follows: "Having for some time past been in the habit of using your Electropathic Belts, I am glad to be able to inform you that they have proved beneficial to my general health; and when wearing them at night, as I occasionally do for sleeplessness, they have the invariable effect of giving me a satisfactory night's rest. You are at liberty to make whatever use of this note you may consider likely to further the interests of the company you have so long had the honour to represent." Acting, as they do, upon all the most important organs of the body, they rarely fail to alleviate most of the disorders resulting from local or general debility, impaired digestion, weak circulation, or defective organic action.

#### A SERVANT OF LIFE.

No function of the human organism is healthily performed without the production of electrical phenomena, for scientific investigation has placed is beyond doubt that whenever and wherever chemical action takes place electricity is evolved. The electric current ministers as a servant to life, and it therefore follows that if from any cause there is a deficient natural supply of electricity to the nerves which govern or direct same particular function of the body, such a supply from an intrinsic source will restore the function and maintain it in healthy condition. This is the true principle upon which Electropathy, the method adopted by the Medical Battery Company (Limited), at their Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W., really rests.

#### WHAT CAN THEY DO?

It is useless to tell sufferers to employ their minds and bodies in useful work, and to forget their disorders so long as the cause of their troubles is not removed. How can it be expected that when they are fatigued by the least exertion they can occupy themselves by studying, walking, or other exercise? Even in conversation they frequently lose the thread of it, and repeatedly find their memory failing them. What can they do? Physic will not cure them-perhaps the leading physicians have failed to afford them any relief-and they have consequently become hopeless. It is to such-as these that Mr. Harness' new combined Electropathic Belt and Suspensory is so strongly recommended, as, by its gentle and continuous action, invigorating electric currents are imperceptibly generated and conveyed direct from the spinal cord to the affected parts.

#### LIEUT.-COL. A. TAYLOR,

Retired Bengal Staff Corps, The Rosery, Ashburton, S. Devon, writes, Nov. 7, 1892: "Since my return from India, some six years ago, I had much trouble from sciatica pains, accompanied with liver attacks, which came on at intervals, sometimes of two weeks, and at others of a month, in most cases laying me up for three or four days. About a year and a half ago I was induced to try one of your Electropathic Belts, and since then I have never been troubled for more than a day with the same pains, and then in much less degree, which I attribute to the fact of wearing the Belt regularly. I may mention that I tried for a time wearing an ordinary flannel belt, but as I began to suffer again I returned to wearing your appliance, with the same good effect. I shall be much obliged if you will have the Belt I enclose repaired as soon as possible. You are at liberty to use this letter if you think fit."

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sufferer.-It is quite true that there is scarcely a disease in which the use of Electricity for remedial purposes fails to give relief. By virtue of its searching qualities every organ, nerve, muscle, or tissue of the body can be brought under the beneficent influence of its far-reaching powers. This is the reason why Mr. Harness' unique and complete system of Electropathic Treatment has proved marvellously successful in curing hundreds of obstinate cases which had been given up as hopeless. Ample opportunities are given to all classes to take advantage of the skill and experience of the consulting officers of the Medical Battery Company, at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W. If you reside at a distance you should write for illustrated pamphlet and book of testimonials.

#### THE NOBILITY OF ENGLAND.

The list of patients who have been cured by Mr. Harness' celebrated Electropathic Belt Appliances and Treatment includes the names of numerous Dukes, Earls, Countesses, Marquises, Lords, Cabinet Ministers, Ambassadors, Members of Parliament, Baronets, Knights, Judges, Bishops, as well as Barristers, Solicitors, Clergymen, Officers in the Army and Navy, Physicians, Surgeons, Men of Letters, and all classes of Society; but, as it would be a breach of confidence to publish their names in the Press, we refrain from doing so, except when special permission is given.

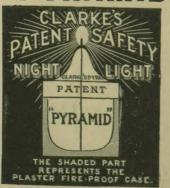
#### LACKING ENERGY.

Excesses of all kinds render persons who indulge in them less able to resist the attack of disease, and individuals who have not exercised proper control over themselves, and have thus debilitated their constitutions, should promptly have recourse to measures to recruit the lacking energy, and more especially to adopt such means by suitable Electropathic treatment as will restore the natural secretions and raise the constitutional tone. Asthma, for instance, although generally regarded as a chest complaint, is, more strictly speaking, a spasmodic disease of the nervous system, occurring most about middle life, and causing considerable suffering. An emotional condition of the nervous system, or digestive disturbance, is liable in persons predisposed to asthma or bronchitis to bring about an attack of the malady, but properly directed Electropathic treatment, as carried out by the Medical Battery Company (Limited), at their Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W., will speedily recuperate the vitality of the system. Rheumatism, gout, lumbago, and all disorders arising from a diseased condition of the blood are especially amenable to the Electropathic method, for the simple reason that the remarkable stimulative action of Electricity assists the circulation and cleanses the blood.

#### WELL-KNOWN SCIENTISTS.

Dr. HERBERT TIBBITS, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh, Dr. ARTHUR HARRIES, M.D., Physician to the late Institute of Medical Electricity, Dr. RUSSELL HARRIS, M.D., and ARTHUR PAUL, Esq., M.A., London, are amongst the well-known scientists who have recently visited the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W. These gentlemen are unanimously of opinion that Mr. Harness' Electrical Appliances are scientifically constructed, perfectly manufactured, and admit of being placed upon and kept in exact and close contact with the skin or with any part of the body.

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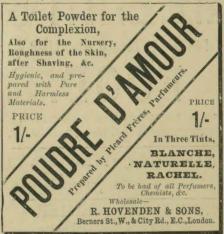
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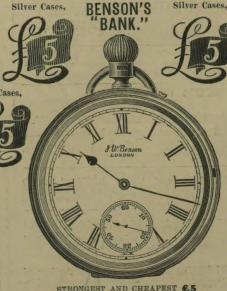
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